

EDITION DE LUXE

No. 783.

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THE  
**GRAPHIC.**  
AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.

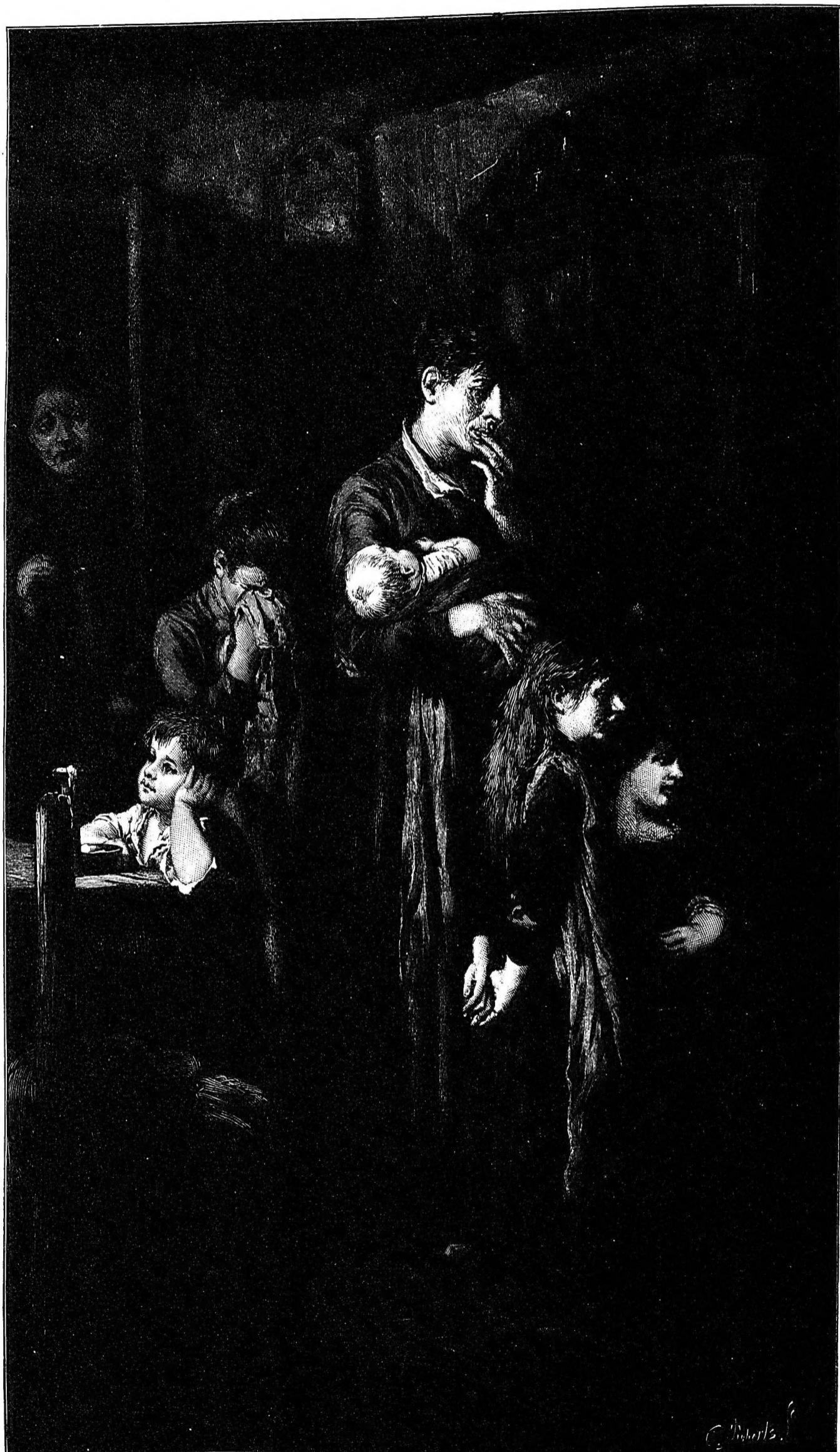


STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE



"THE LAST LOOK"

FROM THE PICTURE BY MAYNARD BROWN, EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY



"THREE LITTLE KITTENS"

FROM THE PICTURE BY JOSEPH CLARK, EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

# THE GRAPHIC

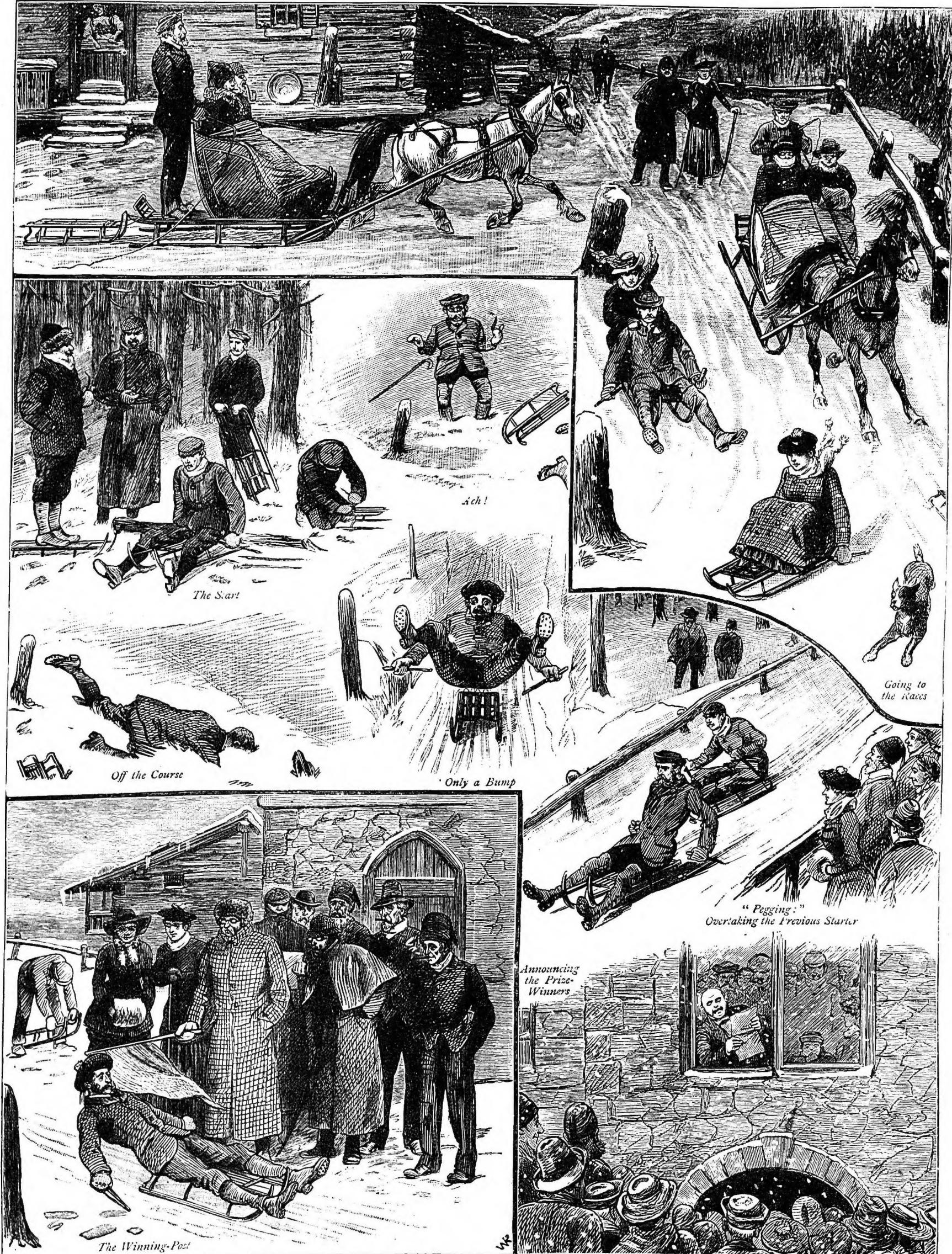
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 783.—VOL. XXX.] EDITION DE LUXE

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1884

WITH EXTRA  
SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE  
By Post Ninepence Halfpenny



INTERNATIONAL TOBOGGAN RACES IN THE ENGADINE, SWITZERLAND



**RADICALS AND "THE COMPROMISE."**—In his vigorous speech at Leeds the other evening, Mr. John Morley protested against the notion that the Liberal and Conservative leaders, in combining to settle the question of Parliamentary Reform, have inflicted on advanced politicians "an immense rebuff and a tremendous humiliation." Mr. Morley did not quite succeed in proving his case, for in the recent agitation the Radicals were far more anxious to damage the House of Lords than to secure the extension of the Franchise to agricultural labourers, and there can be no doubt that the House of Lords has emerged with credit from a struggle which, according to its enemies, was about to end in its destruction. This may not be "an immense rebuff and a tremendous humiliation;" but it is at least a result by which the majority of the Radical party have been bitterly disappointed. So far as the question immediately before the country is concerned, however, Mr. Morley was undoubtedly right in maintaining that his Radical friends ought to be satisfied. The Franchise Bill is safe, and in the course of a few days the House of Commons will be discussing a Redistribution Bill which is likely to be based on a broad and sound principle. A few weeks ago it seemed hardly possible that the difficulty would be so easily settled; and if the Radicals had said nothing about the disadvantages of "the hereditary principle," they might now have claimed that practically all their demands had been conceded. To some of them, indeed, it seems almost a crime that Mr. Gladstone should have consented to negotiate with Lord Salisbury; but men like Mr. Morley can hardly be expected to have much sympathy with this very sentimental grievance. There are, of course, questions about which it would be useless for the leaders of the two parties to confer. But when they hold essentially the same opinions, there can be no good reason why they should go on attacking one another as if they represented opposite principles. By arriving at an understanding in the present instance, they have acted in accordance with the best traditions of English politics; and it may be hoped that many a dispute will hereafter be brought to a close in the same peaceful manner.

**OVERCROWDED EUROPE.**—Notwithstanding the Poet Laureate's dictum that "the individual withers, and the world is more and more," there has almost always during the present century been some man who has exercised a powerful, if not a paramount, influence in the councils of the civilised world. After the fall of the Great Napoleon there was a species of interregnum, though it was in some measure filled by Wellington and Metternich as spokesmen of the Allied nations who overthrew the Corsican; then came the Emperor Nicholas, then the Second Napoleon, and now for a good many years past Prince Bismarck. But there is a kind of mind which is prone to exaggerate the force of these undoubtedly powerful individuals; which, for instance, traces the finger of the astute German Chancellor in every political pie which is in course of manufacture. Bismarck, these quidnuncs say, dreading the long-threatened war of revenge, desires above all things to isolate France. He dangles the glittering bait of Tunis before her eyes, and Italy is estranged. He contrives to have King Alfonso hooted in Paris, and Spain is estranged. He encourages France to undertake military enterprises in Tonquin and Madagascar, and sets up a West African Conference, with the result that England is within a measurable distance of estrangement. This individual mode of looking at politics is interesting, but it is only partially true. There are forces behind Prince Bismarck, far mightier than he, and it is perhaps his chief merit that he sees more clearly than most people whether these forces are tending. The principal European phenomenon at the present moment is the desire for colonial acquisitions. It is seen especially in France and Germany. This desire springs from the fact that Europe is, though it ought not to be, overcrowded. Not only are there more people living in the same space of ground, but their wants are more numerous than those of their fathers. Both capital and labour are eager for new markets, and, as it is a well-ascertained fact that "the trade follows the flag," each nation would like colonies of its own. England, at all events, ought to be able to contemplate these ambitions without being greedy or jealous. We and our revolted kindred across the Atlantic have between us got the pick of the world. Indeed, there scarcely remains an unappropriated region fit for founding a genuine European colony.

**THE IRISH PRESS.**—It is fortunate for Irish Nationalists so called that the English public seldom read anything of what is printed in their newspapers. Were it otherwise, the mild régime under which Ireland is being governed would give place to something much more vigorous. Respectable Irishmen, ashamed of the infamous things that are daily printed in the journals of their country, are wont to urge that "Paddy never means half of what he says;" but, taking the largest discount off the utterances of papers which scatter slander and appeals to sedition, enough remains to work powerfully on the minds of an excitable population. The epidemic of agrarian crime and dynamite plots, which raged until the Crimes Act commenced its beneficent operations,

shows but too well that virulent journalism does foment crime. There has been another attempt this week in Parliament to cast odium on Lord Spencer for his rule in Ireland; but let any fair-minded man cast his eye over certain Irish newspapers, and over the speeches delivered publicly in Ireland by prominent politicians, and he will confess that if Lord Spencer has erred at all it is on the side of leniency. The Crimes Act has done nothing more than stop the worst forms of outrage; it has not interfered with the liberty, or even with the licence, of speaking and writing, as can be seen by the collection of extracts from Irish newspapers and speeches published in Wednesday's *Times*. The Home Rule Members of Parliament know this perfectly well, and one cannot doubt that the Crimes Act, which has restored order to their country, is secretly appreciated by themselves as sincerely as it is by truer friends of Ireland. But these gentlemen have a part to play in exaggerating grievances and maligning "the Castle;" and they play it, though it is an unworthy part.

**EGYPT AND THE POWERS.**—The proposals with regard to Egypt which the English Government have submitted to the Powers, or are about to submit to them, may not be known for some time. Only one thing may be regarded as certain, and that is that the Government decline to impose upon English taxpayers the whole cost of the settlement of Egypt's financial difficulties. They hold that as the bondholders would profit by a satisfactory arrangement the bondholders ought to bear some portion of the burden. And this is, no doubt, perfectly fair, if England is prepared to guarantee that an adequate return will be made for the sacrifices she demands on behalf of the Egyptian people. Unfortunately there is not much reason to hope that any such guarantee will be offered. Mr. Gladstone still seems unable to recognise the responsibilities he undertook when he ordered the destruction of the Alexandrian forts and the suppression of Arabi's rebellion. He apparently continues to think that Egypt may be made prosperous and happy without any serious effort on our part to restore order and to prepare the way for the establishment of good native institutions. If he has acted on this strange belief in drawing up the scheme which the Powers will soon be discussing, it is almost certain that his proposals will be rejected; for all Europe is of opinion—and most Englishmen are of opinion also—that the condition of Egypt cannot be improved unless Mr. Gladstone adopts a new and more vigorous policy. The situation may by-and-bye become very serious, for there are signs that, if we obstinately decline to complete the task we have undertaken, we shall not be allowed much longer to retain the authority we are accused of having usurped.

**ROWDYSIM.**—There is nothing which puzzles the intelligent foreigner more than the rowdy propensities of the English-speaking peoples. Continental nations have their riots, and they are often attended with serious bloodshed, shot and steel being more in vogue as engines of repression than in this country. But if Continentals riot, they riot because they are discontented with something or somebody. Our riots often arise from pure "devilment," from a love of skylarking, from an exuberance of animal spirits occasionally increased by spirits of another character. What is called education, and even decent breeding, does very little to prevent rowdysim. It is found in all classes; but more perhaps among the higher than the lower, because the former have more leisure and luxury, and are therefore the more inclined to "wax fat and kick." On Monday there was in the papers the story of two men who, being remonstrated with by the police for knocking at strangers' doors late at night, committed a series of brutal assaults. They had been in the Army Reserve, and had volunteered for the South African Expedition. We cannot but congratulate the people of South Africa, whether Boers or Bechuanas, that they have been spared a visit from this pair of ruffians, who have been righteously sentenced to the treadmill. But some one may say, "These fellows were cads; gentlemen never do anything of this sort." Mr. Gwyllim Crowe will probably reply, "Oh, don't they?" after the experiences of Monday night at Covent Garden. This sort of shindy seems to be the regular recognised finish up of the Promenade Concerts. There used to be a similar saturnalia on the Boat Race night at Cremorne, and it eventually caused the downfall of that popular resort. *A bsit omen!* The Covent Garden offenders got off with very lenient sentences. We are strongly adverse to sending respectable young men to prison, but some severer punishment than a trivial fine might have been advisable. The magistrate was perhaps influenced by the well-known fact that on such occasions the ringleaders are seldom caught; the police naturally get excited and furious, and pounce very often upon a comparatively mild offender.

**TRIAL BY JURY.**—Hallam said that "the whole labour of the British Constitution consisted in putting twelve juries into a box." Englishmen have faith in trial by jury, which has done so much to guard our liberties; and having to choose between the opinion of Mr. Justice Manisty and that of the twelve jurors who found for the Plaintiff in the case of Adams *v.* Coleridge, they have generally sided with the twelve against the one. Englishmen will always do this, for the jury system, as worked in this country, is as satisfactory as any human system can be. Foreign countries in adopting it have misunderstood it, and introduced modifi-

cations which affect its principle. Our English idea is, that in an action at law the right must be so plainly on one side or the other before judgment is given, that any twelve men, picked at hazard out of the community, shall be unanimous in their verdict. Abroad they have adopted verdicts by majorities, which really prove nothing, for the opinion of the majority on one panel might be that of a minority on another. We may remark here that during the Tichborne case, when the jury system was submitted to a severe strain—since the dissentient voice of one might have nullified the proceedings of a six months' trial—Lord Coleridge was among those who were in favour of a jury reform and publicly advocated certain views, which happily have not passed into law. In the case of Adams *v.* Coleridge the Judge should not have put the issues to the verdict at the jury if he did not mean to take their verdict. He would have done well also not to scold the Plaintiff so often for conducting his own case. The services of first-rate barristers are costly, and a man too poor to employ them, and pleading for himself against an Attorney-General, will always have the sympathies of a jury and of the public with him, especially if he meets with any ill-will from the Bench. Mr. Adams has fully cleared his character, and Mr. Justice Manisty's ruling, even if it be upheld by the Court of Appeal, will not convince the public that the Hon. Bernard Coleridge's letter to his sister was either legally or morally devoid of animus. It was not a nice letter; and, considering the object for which it purported to be written, it was a most clumsy composition. The brother's sneers at his sister's personal appearance and temper were very ill calculated to win over the jury to the arguments addressed to her common sense.

**MR. CHAMBERLAIN.**—At an agricultural dinner the other day Lord H. Thynne, M.P., took the opportunity to make some pretty strong statements about Mr. Chamberlain. Speaking of the Aston riots, he "had not the slightest hesitation in saying that when Mr. Chamberlain read those affidavits he knew that every one of them was false." This statement the orator repeated, adding that "any gentleman might tell Mr. Chamberlain." Probably nobody except Lord H. Thynne believes so absurd a charge, yet it fairly represents the spirit in which the Conservatives have been for some time attacking the President of the Board of Trade. Now, it must be admitted that Mr. Chamberlain is a very provoking political opponent. He often goes out of his way to attribute bad motives to those who do not agree with him, and even when he tries to treat them fairly he speaks of them with an air of lofty moral superiority. He would have no reason to complain, therefore, if he were merely assailed with the kind of weapons which he himself freely uses. But when Conservatives permit themselves to talk of him as a man who says things he knows to be false, surely (to put it mildly) they are going a little beyond the limits of legitimate controversy. We are not sure that Mr. Chamberlain is much injured by these monstrous accusations. On the contrary, it seems probable that they increase his popularity, for it is well known that there is no name except that of Mr. Gladstone which excites so much enthusiasm in Radical meetings. But Conservatives certainly damage their own party when they lose their self-control in the attempt to humiliate a statesman whom they dislike. They give offence to a very large class of Englishmen—those who still hold that political subjects ought to be discussed in a serious spirit, and with some respect for the ordinary laws of good breeding.

**COMPANY PROMOTERS.**—Limited liability has not proved the boon which its originators expected. By the plan usually adopted of subdividing the share capital into very small amounts, investors are tempted to take a large number of shares, and so, in the event of the scheme proving a failure, of being landed in a heavy loss. And, on the other hand, the abolition of the safeguard of unlimited responsibility has undoubtedly aggravated the passion for gambling, and facilitated the formation of bogus companies. Public companies may be roughly divided under three heads: namely, those in which their originators thoroughly believe, those in which they believe partially, and those in which they do not believe at all. Those in which they believe very much are usually not brought before the public; for the world is selfish, and people have no desire to share with strangers the profits of that which they really believe to be a good thing. Such concerns as these often prove disastrous failures, but they are honest in intention. The second category of companies is usually so managed that the originators do pretty well out of it whether those of the shareholders who are not "in the swim" gain a profit or lose their capital. As for the third sort of company, its ostensible object is not its real object. All its concoctors care about is to blow the bubble as big as they can, and pass it on to somebody else before it bursts. The professional promoter comes most to the front with regard to the second species of company, where the originators have a genuine belief in the validity of their enterprise, but are at the same time desirous, should it fail, of throwing the burden on the general public. The promoter is an all-important personage. To him is confided the drawing up of the list of directors. Noblemen do not carry the weight they did, for the public have seen many disasters under the most aristocratic patronage; and the "guinea-pig," whose name is on a dozen different Boards, is justly regarded with suspicion. Then the promoter probably arranges for the purchase of the land where

the gold or the silver mine is situated. This involves the employment of other confidential agents, and liberal commissions are the order of the day. The promoter is a hard-working, energetic man, and he has had much to do before he can put forth the alluring prospectus which proves to clergymen, widows, spinsters, and other persons fond of high interest for their investments, what an admirable money-box for their savings is the "Amalgamated Gold, Silver, Diamond, and Ruby Company, Limited, — Street, E.C."

**FRENCH DETECTIVES.**—There would have been a pretty outcry in England if Mr. Howard Vincent had published about the Scotland Yard detectives such a book as M. G. Macé, late Chef de la Sureté, has just devoted to the exposure of the French detective force. M. Macé's revelations show that until the conflict between the Government and the Paris Municipality about the control of the police has been definitely settled, the French capital will be a safe place for criminals to inhabit. As matters now stand the Municipal Council pays most of the Police Budget, and is allowed authority over the constables in uniform, but this does not seem enough to the Councillors—most of them Radicals—who want to get the whole Prefecture, including the detective force, into their hands. The result of the dispute is that the two branches of the service do not work well together; the detectives cannot employ the *gardiens de la paix* as they would desire, and they are themselves impeded from all useful service in public places by having to take their orders *coram populo* from inspectors in uniform. In this way they get known to habitual criminals, and are subjected to ruffianly assaults whenever the opportunity offers. An instance of this occurred last Sunday, when a wretched detective was recognised at a meeting of Anarchists, and so brutally ill-used that for two days his life was despaired of. M. Macé's book proves that in spite of our frequent grumbles at the Scotland Yard force, the English detective service is far better managed than the French, and yet how many are the advantages which, notwithstanding all interference from a Radical Corporation, the Parisian detective has over his English colleague! In France a man who is merely suspected of an offence must, on being ordered to do so by the police, produce his *État Civil*—that is, state who he is, where he was born, &c., and the simple fact of refusing to furnish evidence of identity constitutes "vagabondage," which is punishable by three months' imprisonment. In France again all the pawn-shops are State institutions, and property pledged in the district offices of large cities like Paris, is, within four-and-twenty hours, removed to a central dépôt, so that the police can ascertain within less than an hour whether stolen goods have been pawned. Let us not forget either that every French servant, workman, or factory girl is obliged to have his or her *tirret*, or identity-book, containing entries as to place of birth, parentage, and the different situations which he or she has filled. Moreover the French police are not only allowed, but compelled, to question and cross-question suspects whom they arrest. Our police have none of these facilities, and yet the criminal offences in London average about half of those in Paris, the population of which is two millions below that of London. In Paris last year there were fifty-seven murders, and ten of the murderers are still at large. It is but fair to note these facts in justice to Scotland Yard.

**RICH AND POOR IN AMERICA.**—It used to be generally thought that there was at least one part of the world where the relations of capital and labour would always be perfectly satisfactory. America was the Land of Promise, and that happy country, it was supposed, would never know anything directly of the conditions which in Europe produce so much destitution and misery. In New York—whatever may be the truth about other American towns—these anticipations have not been fulfilled. In a report recently presented to the Tenement House Commission of that city, it was stated that 562 tenement houses visited by the inspector contained 5,050 families and 20,117 persons—an average of nine families and over thirty-five persons to each house. In many of the houses the occupants reached four times this number. Even London could not beat that. The circumstances of New York are, of course, to some extent exceptional; but there can be no doubt that in all great American cities our Transatlantic kinsfolk are confronted by essentially the same problems as those by which we in the Old World are so seriously perplexed. There, as here, there is a violent contrast between the condition of those at the top and those at the bottom of "the social scale;" and the contrast is likely to become more and more glaring, exactly in proportion as immigrants find it difficult to obtain scope for their energies in rural districts. The truth seems to be that both in America and in Europe there is a class which is not strong enough to fight in the battle of free competition. The condition of the labouring population as a whole improves; but "the residuum" makes no progress, nor is there any chance that it will emerge from its present degraded state without aid. Probably this is beginning to be realised by the New York Commissioners, who are advised "to recommend to the Legislature some practical measures of relief, and to reinforce their recommendations by an amount of testimony as to the need of immediate action which will make the defeat of those measures impossible, no matter how vehement may be the opposition of interested and inhuman landlords."

**RAILWAY INCONVENIENCES.**—If such men, let us say, as Johnson and Boswell have any means, in the invisible world, of ascertaining the contents of our newspapers, they must think us, in the matter of travelling grievances, sadly luxurious dogs. A hundred years ago, to be jolted until one's bones were sore, to be stuck in sloughs until the neighbouring clodhoppers came and prised out the vehicle with crowbars, to be hopelessly stopped by snowdrifts, to be "bailed up" by highwaymen, were among the ordinary experiences of the road, and such occurrences, if mentioned at all in the journals of the day, were dismissed in half-a-dozen lines. To say nothing of the increased speed of modern travelling, the substantial improvements which have been made in other respects are proved by the fact that our grievances are now become microscopic compared with those which our ancestors had to endure. That the lamps in the District Railway carriages are so dim that passengers cannot read comfortably; that news-boys (acting as amateur porters) shut the doors with a horrible and distracting bang; and that the inhabitants along the lines are grievously disturbed by the moaning, screeching, and whistling of the engines, are some of the subjects which sympathetic editors have recently admitted to the luxury of print. Nor are these grievances so small as Dr. Johnson might at first sight think them. Were he back amongst us in the flesh, he would probably demand, in his most sonorous accents, that the electric light, lately introduced by the London and Brighton Company, should be compulsorily placed in all carriages; that the misery of the door-slammimg should be mitigated by the insertion of a strip of india-rubber or other elastic substance; and that engines should—as is, we believe, the case in America—be provided with a baritone voice instead of the present screeching soprano, which is not only ear-distracting, but causes many accidents through the frightening of nervous horses.

**REFORMATORIES.**—The Government purposes to introduce a Bill next Session for increasing the efficiency of Reformatories and Industrial Schools; and the Committee of the Howard Association have been invited by the Home Office to contribute suggestions in reference to this measure. There is nothing to say against the Committee's report except that it opens up a very wide question when it proposes that children who have been improved in reformatories shall be prevented from falling again under the influence of criminal parents. Undoubtedly most of the parents whose children get into reformatories are not fit to train up sons and daughters; but unless they are actually in prison the law does not regard them as criminals; and it would be introducing quite a novel principle into English legislation to place a permanent stigma on such persons. While the Reform Bill of 1867 was under discussion Mr. Gladstone objected on this ground of novelty to the disfranchisement of persons who had undergone a sentence of penal servitude; and it will be remembered that a judgment of the Court of Queen's Bench prohibited railway companies from posting up the names of delinquents fined or otherwise punished for breaches of the bye-laws. As the Court said: "This kind of pillorying formed no part of the penalties to which these transgressors had been sentenced." The withdrawing of children from parents' custody could only be done by a system of inquisition repugnant to our customs, and it might cause many hardships; for a man who has been sentenced to imprisonment may after all be a much better father than one who has never been in gaol, but is a confirmed drunkard. Everybody agrees that drunkards should not be allowed to keep their children, but this amounts to saying that habitual drunkards ought not to live at large. It is the drunken parent who should be kept from his child, not the child from the parent whose evil habits are matters of report only, and do not come within cognisance of the law. Any departure from this principle can but lead to confusion. If, however, the difficulty of keeping reformed children from contamination should lead to stricter legislation as to drunkards and people who notoriously live by crime the whole question would be satisfactorily dealt with.

**NOTICE.**—*This week is issued an EXTRA TWO-PAGE SUPPLEMENT—"THREE LITTLE KITTENS," by Joseph Clark, and "THE LAST LOOK," by Maynard Brown, both exhibited in the Royal Academy.*

**To CORRESPONDENTS.**—*The Editor will endeavour, as far as lies in his power, to return to the senders, or to any address which they may indicate, all Sketches, whether used for purposes of illustration or not, and all rejected MSS. (for the transmission of these latter postage stamps must be enclosed); but at the same time he wishes it to be clearly understood that, although every possible care will be taken of such Sketches or MSS., he declines to accept any responsibility in the event of their being mislaid or lost.*

**THE GRAPHIC**  
**CHRISTMAS NO.,**  
1s., READY MONDAY, DEC. 1.

For Full Particulars see Third Page of Cover



**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—Mr. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager.—HAMLET Every Evening at 7.45 (produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett). Characters by Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Speakman, Willard, Dewhurst, Clifford Cooper, Frank Cooper, Crawford, Hudson, Doone, De Solla, Elliott, Evans, Fulton, Foss, &c., and George Barrett; Madames Eastlake, Dickens, &c., and M. Leighton. Doors open, 7.15. Carriages at 11.15. Box Office 8.30 till 5. No fees. Business Manager, Mr. J. H. CORNIE.

**THE PRINCE'S THEATRE,** Coventry Street, W. Lighted by Electricity.—Proprietor and Manager, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE.—EVERY EVENING, at twenty minutes to eight, the tragic farce, A FIRE-SIDE HAMLET by J. Collins, Citizen, with a new Play. Written by Messrs. Hugh Conway and Conings Carr, entitled CALLED BACK, adapted from Mr. Hugh Conway's very successful story of that name. For cast see daily papers. New scenery and costumes. Doors open at Half-past Seven; carriages at Eleven. No fees. Box Office open daily from 11 to 5—Matinee of CALLED BACK (this day Saturday, November 29, at 2.30).

**THE NATIONAL DOG SHOW.**

The TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION will be held in Curzon Hall, Birmingham, on December 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th. The PRIVATE VIEW on MONDAY NEXT, December 1st; admission to 3 o'clock, 5s.; from 3 till 5, as 6d.; after that hour, 1s. On TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, up to 5 p.m., 1s.; and from 5 to 9, 6d. On THURSDAY, 1s. Children half price, excepting on Tuesday and Wednesday from 5 to 9 p.m. Doors open at 9.30 a.m. and close at 9 p.m. On Thursday doors close at 5, and the Show at 5.30. For Excursion Trains see local railway bills.

GEORGE BEECH, Secretary.

**THE BIRMINGHAM CATTLE AND POULTRY SHOW.** The THIRTY-SIXTH GREAT ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF FAT CATTLE, SHEEP, PIGS, POULTRY, CORN, ROOTS, and IMPLEMENTS will be held in Bingley Hall, Birmingham, on SATURDAY, November 29th. Admission to witness the Judging of the Cattle, Sheep, and Pigs, but not the Poultry, 1s.; MONDAY, December 1st, 5s.; TUESDAY, December 2nd, and 1s.; WEDNESDAY, December 3rd, and THURSDAY, December 4th, 1s.; till Five o'clock; after that hour 6d. For Excursion Trains, and other special arrangements, see the advertisements and the bills of the various Companies.

TO-MORROW (MONDAY) AFTERNOON, AT 3.

TO-MORROW (MONDAY) NIGHT, AT 8.

ANNIVERSARY OF ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

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Doors open at 2.30 and 7.30.

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**FRENCH GALLERY,** 120, Pall Mall.—The THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF PICTURES, by BRITISH and FOREIGN ARTISTS, including Carl Heltner's Views in the Campaign, is NOW OPEN. Admission is.

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Return Tickets, London to Brighton available for eight days.

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**BRIGHTON EVERY WEEKDAY.**—A First Class Cheap Train from Victoria, 10.30 a.m. Day Return Tickets, 1s. 6d., including Pullman Car available to return by the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Express Train, or by any later train.

**BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.**—First Class Cheap Trains from Victoria, 10.45 and 12.30 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 1s.

A Pullman Drawing Room Car is run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 3.45 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 1s., available by these Trains only.

**BRIGHTON.—THE GRAND AQUARIUM.**—Every SATURDAY, Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria at 10.40 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.30 p.m., calling at East Croydon.

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By Order,

J. P. KNIGHT, General-Manager.



**TOBOGGANING IN SWITZERLAND**

St. MORITZ is the highest village in the Engadine Valley, being 6,090 feet above the level of the sea, or nearly twice as high as the top of the biggest mountain in Cumberland. Frost and snow are not uncommon there even in the month of August, and therefore the pastimes of icy climates, such as Canada and Russia, prevail there, and among others tobogganng. The sledge used is called by the Swiss "Schlittli," evidently a form of our familiar word "slide." Wherever Englishmen are assembled together, anything in the shape of a game is sure to be got up in an elaborate way. Regular toboggan races are organised, a collection of prizes is subscribed for, and a visitor who, up to his knees in snow, gets unconsciously in the way of the contestants, is ordered off with as little ceremony as if he were a Derby Day dog. The vehicle is a miniature of the large agricultural sledges used by the peasants of the Grisons. It is built of ash or beech, and shod with iron. The racecourse is two miles long, tolerably even, and continuous in descent. On this occasion Herr Minsch, of Klosters, reached the winning post in 6 min. 35 sec. Steering is done by the "pegs," which are held in each hand, or by a gentle touch of the heel. The various incidents which make up this most exhilarating sport are very amusingly depicted in our engravings, which are from drawings by Mr. C. Digby Jones, of St. Moritz.

PROFESSOR STUART, M.P.

HACKNEY has been in existence as a separate Parliamentary borough since 1868, and the battle which was decided last week between Mr. M'Alister, Conservative, and Professor Stuart, Liberal, to fill the vacancy caused by the lamented death of Mr. Fawcett, was the fifth contested election. The former polled 8,543 votes, the latter 14,540, thus winning the seat by a majority of 5,997. The electioneering which preceded the polling was of a disorderly character, and the Radicals showed their love of liberty by their organised attempts to break up Conservative meetings. It is curious that both the candidates for a southern constituency should be Scotchmen. Mr. James Stuart is the eldest son of the late



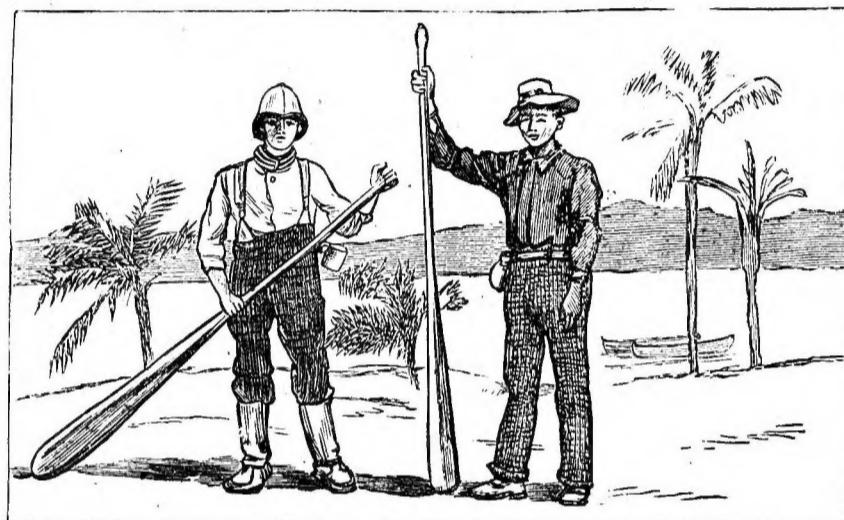
PROFESSOR, JAMES STUART  
New Liberal M.P. for Hackney



MR. SAMPSON S. LLOYD  
New Conservative M.P. for South Warwickshire



GENERAL SIR GEORGE ST. PATRICK LAWRENCE,  
K.C.S.I., C.B.  
Born 1825. Died November 16th, 1884

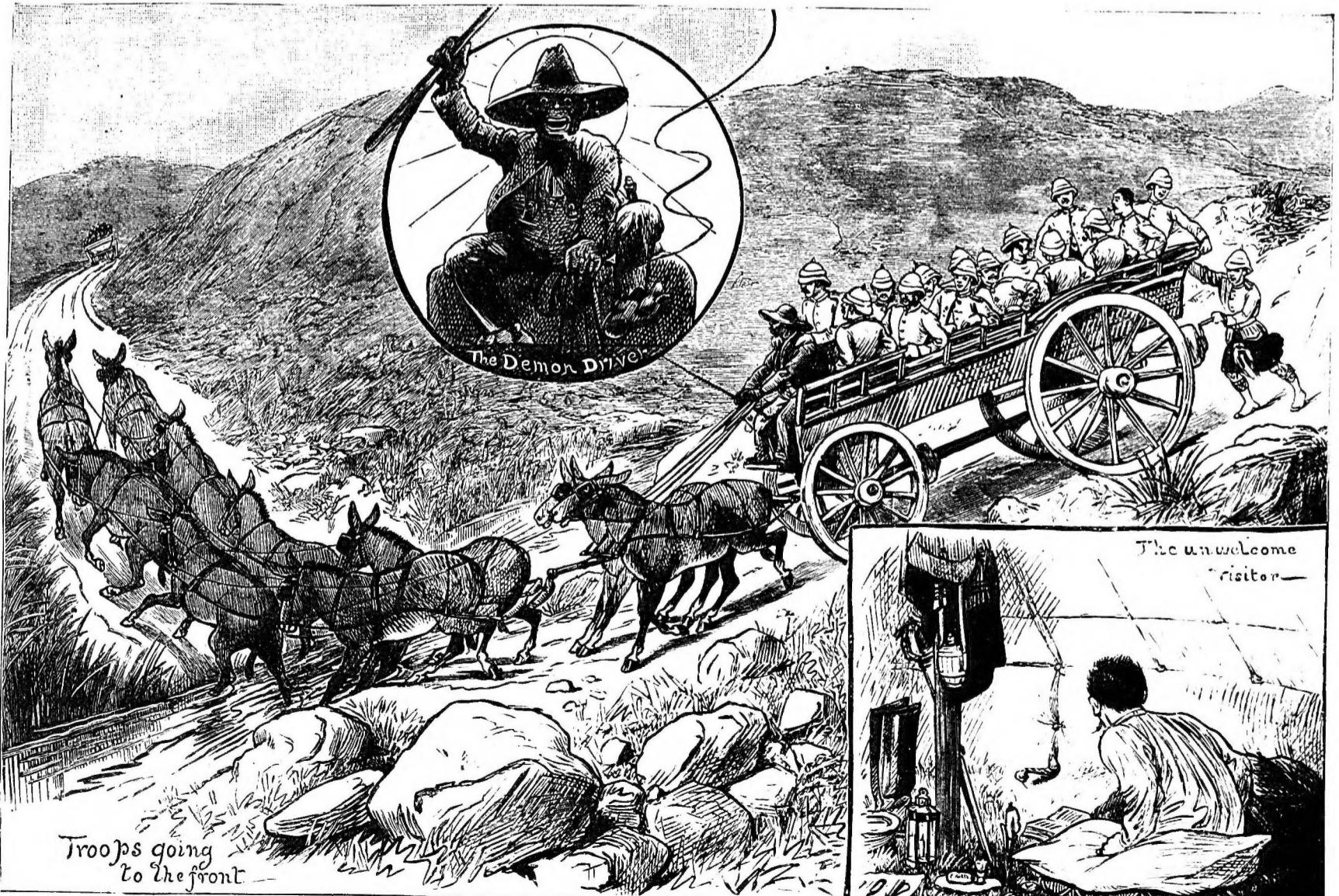


TWO OF THE CANADIAN VOYAGEURS

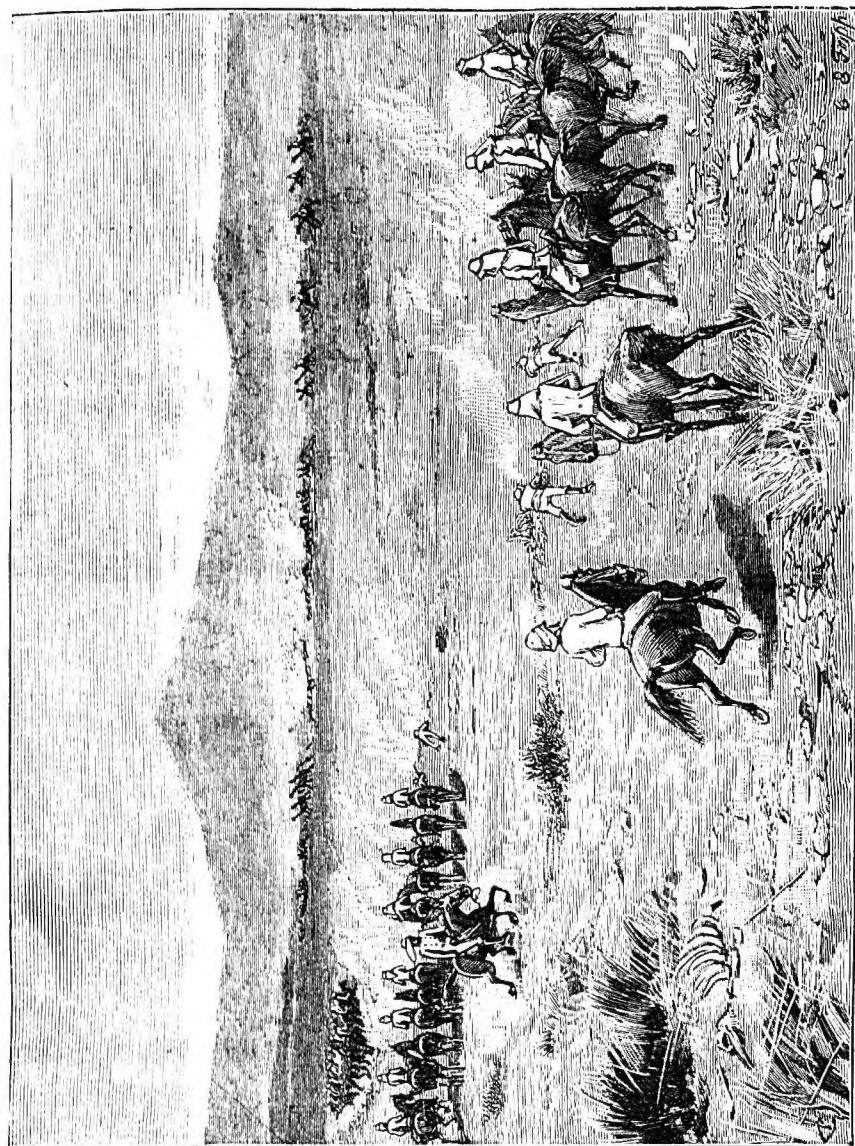


CAPTAIN HORSBRUGH INSPECTING MEN OF THE 38TH (SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE) REGIMENT  
IN THEIR NEW KIT ARRANGEMENT BEFORE EMBARKING IN THE WHALERS

THE NILE EXPEDITION FOR THE RELIEF OF GENERAL GORDON  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS

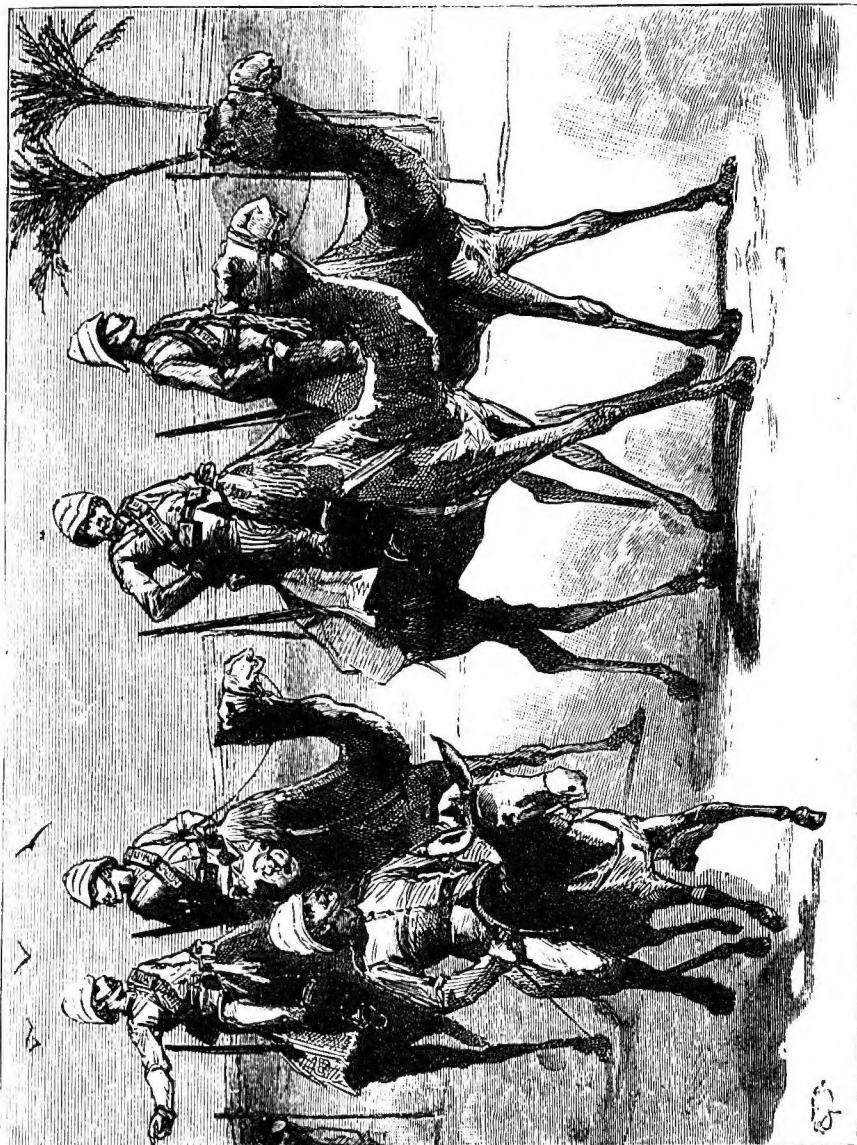


DISTURBED SOUTH AFRICA — WITH THE BRITISH FORCES IN THE RESERVED TERRITORY, ZULULAND



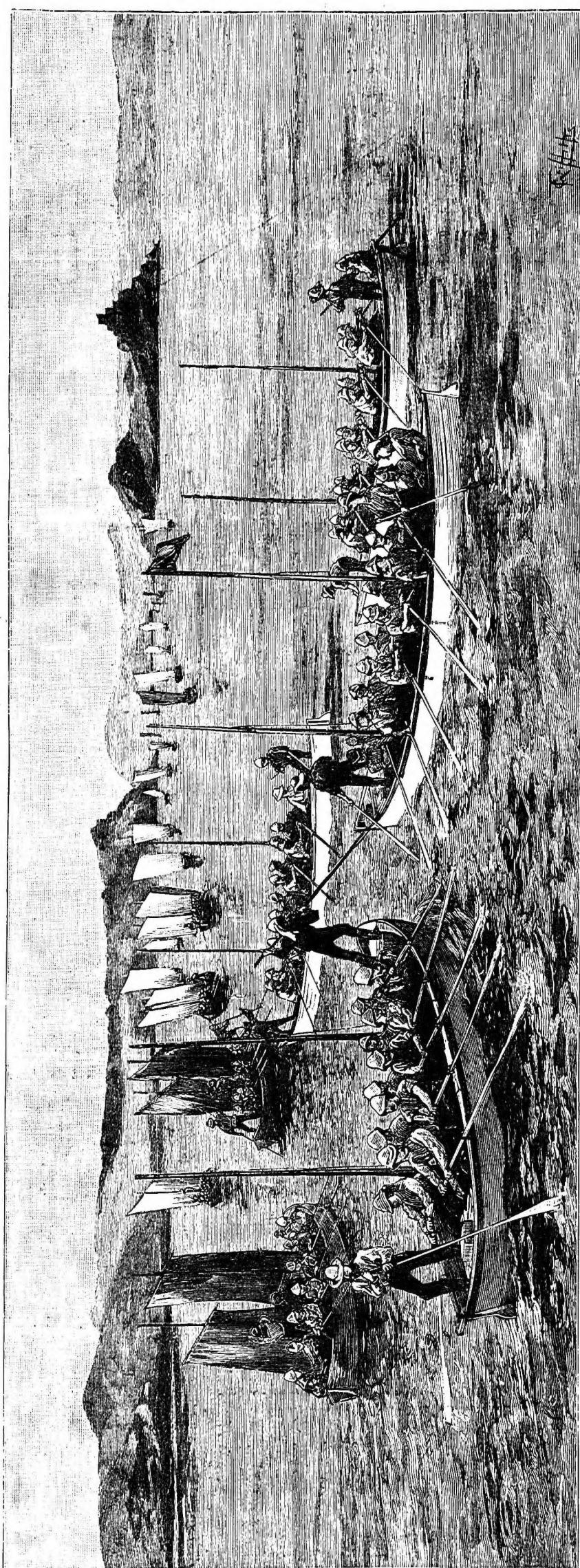
"A SKIRMISH WITH THE REBELS AT SUAKIM

From a Sketch by a Naval Officer



"CHUMS"

From a Sketch by a Trooper of the Life Guards



"THE ADVANCE OF THE BRITISH ARMY"—START OF THE THIRTY-EIGHTH (SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE) REGIMENT FROM SARASS

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. F. V. Vickers

THE NILE EXPEDITION FOR THE RELIEF OF GENERAL GORDON

Joseph Gordon Stuart, of Balgonie, Fifeshire. His mother was Catharine, daughter of Mr. David Booth, of Newburgh. He was born in 1843, and was educated at St. Andrews and Trinity College, Cambridge, in which latter University he is Professor of Mechanism and Applied Mechanics. In 1882 he contested Cambridge University, but was defeated by Mr. H. C. Raikes. Professor Stuart is opposed to compulsory vaccination, and was heartily supported by all the Hackney Anti-Vaccinators. By the time that Democracy wins all along the line, we shall probably have strict Protection against foreign food and manufactures, but unlimited Free Trade in contagious diseases.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Barraud, 263, Oxford Street, W.

#### MR. SAMPSON S. LLOYD, M.P.

FOR the last fifty years South Warwickshire has been mainly represented by Conservatives, but, at the General Election of 1880, the Hon. Gilbert Leigh (L.) won a seat from the Earl of Yarmouth (C.) by a small majority. Recently Mr. Leigh lost his life by an accident while mountaineering in North America, with the result of a fresh election for South Warwickshire. The polling took place on November 7th, when Mr. Sampson Lloyd (C.) obtained 3,095 votes against 1,919 polled by Lord William Compton (L.). Thus the Conservative predominance was restored in that division of the county.

Mr. Sampson Samuel Lloyd, of Moor Hill, Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire, and of Cornwall Gardens, Kensington, is the eldest son of the late Mr. George Braithwaite Lloyd, of The Farm, Sparkbrook, a banker of Birmingham, and was born November 10th, 1820. Mr. Lloyd is a magistrate for Warwickshire and for the Borough of Birmingham, and also a Chairman of Lloyd's Banking Company. With this establishment, when it was a private concern, he had been connected many years previously. He was also for some years Chairman of the Associated Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom. He unsuccessfully contested Birmingham in 1867 and 1858, and was elected M.P. for Plymouth in 1874 as a colleague of Mr. (now Sir Edward) Bates. He lost his seat in 1880. Mr. Lloyd has been twice married—first in 1844, to Emma, daughter of Mr. Samuel Reeve, of Leighton Buzzard, Bedfordshire; and, secondly, in 1865, to Marie, daughter of His Excellency Lieut.-General W. F. Menckhoff, of the Prussian Army. —Our engraving is from a photograph by C. W. Smartt and Son, of Leamington and Stratford-on-Avon.

#### THE LATE SIR GEORGE ST. PATRICK LAWRENCE

THIS gallant officer, who has just died in his eightieth year, was the eldest of four brothers, all of whom attained distinction and two celebrity. Only one now survives, namely, Sir Richard Lawrence, who served in the Sulej and the Indian Mutiny campaigns. The two who predeceased the subject of this notice were Sir Henry, who perished in Lucknow during the beleaguerment of the slender British force there in 1857, and Sir John, who afterwards became Viceroy of India. Sir George Lawrence joined the Bengal Cavalry in 1821, but he did not see any active service until the Afghan campaign, seventeen years later. Twice during this exciting period, at the time of the successive murders of Sir Alexander Burnes and Sir William Macnaghten, Sir George owed his life chiefly to the fleetness of his horse. During the captivity in Afghanistan, which lasted until the advance of General Pollock, Lawrence shared with the late Vincent Eyre and Colin Mackenzie the pains of an Afghan dungeon. At the close of the Sikh War he was appointed to the important post of Political Agent at Peshawur; when the second war broke out he was again made prisoner by the Afghans, but liberated after the battle of Goojerat. During the Great Mutiny of 1857 he performed most valuable services as Agent of Raipootana, keeping that extensive province quiet during a most critical period by means of a native garrison of 5,000 men, and less than thirty British officers. He afterwards took part in the pursuit and capture of the arch rebel, Tantia Topee. In 1864 he retired, after forty-three years of military service. He wrote an interesting book called "Forty-three Years in India." He was a gallant soldier and an honourable man, and his career was not less useful than adventurous. —Our portrait is from a photograph by Maull and Co., Cheapside and Piccadilly.

#### THE NILE EXPEDITION

##### THE CANADIAN VOYAGEURS

THE more detailed accounts of the Canadian voyageurs in Egypt clearly prove the wisdom of having brought over these experienced river boatmen to battle with the difficulties of Nile navigation. Canadians, their Indian helps, and British soldiers work well together, and the skill and nerve with which the Canadians take the boats through the worst rapids form a constant theme for praise. One correspondent writes, "The American boatmen are the first I have met with who make light of the difficulties of moving up stream. They appear to be thoroughly up to their work, and are systematic and untiring. One man to each boat is insufficient, and instead of the present number, had 1200 men been employed it would have been economy of life and money."

##### INSPECTING KITS

THIS sketch by our special artist represents Captain Horsbrugh inspecting men of the 38th Regiment in their new kit arrangements at Sarass before embarking for Dongola.

##### THE ADVANCE OF THE BRITISH ARMY

HERE we have the start of the 38th, or South Staffordshire Regiment, starting in their whaleboats from Sarass on their journey up the Nile. Each boat is manned by twelve men, ten soldiers who row, and a Canadian voyageur in the stern and bow to steer. The boats under the management of the latter are making fairly good progress, though some suffer badly on their journey, holes being knocked in their sides, and numerous stems being started from the shocks received by encounters with the rocks by the way. The troops row more quickly than could have been expected, and the general advance of the expedition somewhat puzzles the natives, as, their own navigable season being over, they cannot understand how the British boats continue their way unimpeded.

##### "CHUMS"

THIS sketch by a trooper of the Life Guards shows the first part of the Camel Corps going to the front. One member of the camelry, however, has had to exchange his lofty perch on the camel's hump for the more lowly but more comfortable seat on a donkey's back. Notwithstanding the difference in their "stations," however, the two companions in arms are evidently holding a brisk conversation on the current topics of the campaign.

##### A SKIRMISH WITH THE REBELS AT SUAKIM

"ABOUT 6.30 A.M., on the morning of the 4th inst.," writes the officer to whom we are indebted for the sketch, "a large party of rebels, mustering some 600 or 700 men, of whom sixty were mounted on camels, were discovered advancing across the plain towards the railway works. A mounted Egyptian vedette gave the alarm, and, with five other men who were posted beyond the works, fired on the rebels, and caused them to halt. The Egyptian cavalry were soon on the scene; dividing into three parties, they advanced *en echelon*, occasionally dismounting and firing, and soon succeeded in forcing the enemy to retreat. It appears that the latter

came from Tamai with the intention of cutting off the native labourers employed at the end of the railway works."

##### RACES AT DONGOLA

THE British soldier is wont to make himself perfectly at home everywhere, and in whatever region his lot may be cast there will he establish his cricket club, his sing-song, and his race meetings. To all intents and purposes Dongola might be a British settlement, as placards about the streets direct the wanderer to "The Telegraph Office," to "The Mudireh," to "Headquarters," or to one or another of the various army departments. No sooner had the first of the various army departments. No sooner had the first comers been fairly established than it was determined to hold a grand race meeting, at which there should be not only pony and foot contests, but also a camel race open both to Britshers and natives. This competition excited the keenest interest amongst all classes, and even the Mudir himself entered a camel, his example being followed by the various notabilities of Dongola. The scene at the starting post is described as having been extremely quaint. Camels were there of every size and hue, all bellowing as though in terrible agony, some bestridden by Tommy Atkins on his red leather saddle, some by officers on the more comfortable Soudan saddle, others by naked Bischari perched on the bare hump, and guiding the animal by the nostril string alone, and others again by richly accoutred Bashi-Bazouks on high wooden saddles. On the signal to start being given the camels, with their usual perversity, each took a different view of their duties—some trotting, some galloping, some turning round and round, and declining to advance, others calmly lying down and rolling off their riders, while a few made a breakneck rush for the hills. On rounding the turning post confusion became worse confounded, many camels never rounding the post at all, but getting up a free fight with their rear competitors. Finally, the winner on reaching home was so terrified at the shouts with which he was received that had not his rider—a native—been exceedingly skilful, he would have turned his back in full flight. The whole races were greatly enjoyed by the natives, and our troopers have been exceedingly popular in Dongola ever since. "Hardly a better way," writes one correspondent, "could have been devised for bringing about friendly relations with the people here."—Our illustration is from a sketch by Colonel the Hon. J. Colborne.

##### IN THE RESERVE TERRITORY, ZULULAND

##### HURRYING TROOPS TO THE FRONT AND A DEMON DRIVER

OUR sketches are by Lieut.-Colonel H. R. Robley, 1st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who writes:—

"The roads in many places are terribly steep, though a good deal of military labour has been expended. The descent of some of these places in a waggon, with ten mules and a Hottentot driver, is here depicted. A cloud of dust from which twenty long ears faintly appear, a terrific clatter, a sense of being projected into space, a rolling as of a small boat in a chopping sea, an occasional bump over boulders, which seem to displace every bone in one's body, breathless and bewildered the bottom is reached."

##### THE UNWELCOME VISITOR

"CAMP life in fine weather is tolerable, but when rainy weather sets in, with squalls like those at sea, in the high altitudes in Zululand, one may growl, but what is really too much is the appearance of a serpent inside the canvas, which always ends in the disturbance of one's philosophy and some furniture—what little there is."

##### THE ISLAND OF BUSI

THE small island of Busi, where a new "Blue Grotto" has recently been discovered by M. Ransonnet, of Nussdorf, Upper Austria (we are indebted to him for these sketches), is situated in the Adriatic Sea, to the south-west of the island of Lissa, where the memorable sea fight took place in 1866. The bay in the foreground is called the "Bay of the Garden" (*giardino*). To the left are two grottos which can be visited by boats. The newly-discovered "Blue Grotto" is at the south-east of the island. The largest grotto, which is remarkably picturesque, and is called the Sea Bears' Grotto, extends for a long distance into the interior of the island, and is accessible by boats for 150 metres. Beyond this lanterns and torches are requisite, as the cavity ends in a sort of narrow channel with shallow water. The intensely bluelight, from which the "Blue Grotto" derives its name, comes through a submarine opening of the rock, 10½ metres wide by 18 metres high. The depth of the water is almost everywhere sixteen inches in the principal grotto, and extends far under the overhanging cliffs, which are distinctly seen in the crystalline water. A small sort of yellow coral is found in profusion in the grotto. It may be added that a metre is a little over thirty-nine English inches.

##### PRACTISING FOR THE CAVALRY COMPETITION

THESE engravings show some of the incidents attending the practice of the selected few of a cavalry regiment for several weeks before the competition. The first business is marking out the course, putting up hurdles, &c., the horses in the mean time being tethered in the shade of a few stunted oaks on the borders of the rifle ranges, where these sketches were made. In "rushing" the hurdles men are stationed on each side of the place to be jumped to prevent the horses swerving or trying to go round, but this precaution is not always entirely successful, as may be seen from the perspective study of a pair of jack-boots. The restiveness of horses in the dismounted parts of the competition while shooting is going on is overcome by firing carbines in the stables every day just before feeding-time, the animals thus learning to associate the sound with the arrival of food, and soon become indifferent to the noise.—Our engravings are from sketches by A. Claymore Miles.

##### THE MALOJA VALLEY

WINTER residence in the higher Alps has now become well known to a somewhat large proportion of the migrating public whom the dampness and chilliness of our English winters have formerly driven to the shores of the Mediterranean.

The peculiar meteorological conditions at 5,000 feet and 6,000 feet in the Swiss Alps render the low temperature in winter quite bearable, and the exhilarating effects of bracing air and bright sunshine, combined with the outdoor amusements of skating, sleighing, and the Canadian sport of "tobogganing," cause the time to pass pleasantly and rapidly away, even for a whole season. During the depth of winter, such is the dryness of the atmosphere, ladies may be seen sitting out on the ice sheltered by parasols, the intense solar heat and calm, transparent air rendering the low temperatures almost imperceptible.

Frequently the absolute amount of atmospheric watery vapour falls as low as 10 grains in 10 cubic feet of air, and washed linen, although frozen stiff when exposed by the laundress, will dry rapidly in a freezing temperature.

From a paper read by Dr. Tucker Wise before the Royal Meteorological Society the mean day-temperature of the south-west part of the Upper Engadine during last winter was 25 deg. Fahr., and the highest reading of the solar thermometer 143 deg. Fahr. The barometer at that level (6,000 feet) was lowered six inches, carrying with it the remarkable reduction in pressure of three tons taken off the fluid and solid parts of the human body.

The illustration represents the Maloja Valley, at the extreme end of the Upper Engadine. This lovely spot, with its facilities for

travelling to the warmer climate of Italy, was selected by a Belgian company, presided over by the Count de Renesse, to construct there a large hotel of a semi-private nature for winter residence. The building, which contains 350 bed and sitting rooms, is ventilated in winter by warmed, filtered, and prepared air, the steam boilers used for this purpose being of 210 horse-power. In addition to the frequent changes of the internal atmosphere of the whole house by the means of "propulsion" and "extraction" of air, Dr. Tucker Wise has introduced a method for ozonising the air of the corridors and concert-room. This is effected by an electric current in connection with the electric lighting of the establishment. The cost of the whole enterprise amounts to nearly a quarter of a million sterling.

Little more than two years since the picturesque Maloja was a deserted locality, with only a wayside inn and a tumble-down chalet. All the buildings seen in the illustration, and some hidden villas on the left hand, have been erected within this period, and most of the materials used in their construction brought over the Julian Pass from Coire, the nearest railway station.

##### RECENT DISCOVERIES AT CIVITA LAVINA

See page 573

##### "THREE LITTLE KITTENS"

MR. JOSEPH CLARK has long been favourably known as a charming delineator of humble life. Sometimes he is pathetic, but he usually prefers to look at the sunshiny side, and as Henri Rousseau wished that every peasant in France had a fowl in his pot, so we may wish that all the rustic labourers and artisans in England were as pleasant-looking sturdy fellows, provided with as neatly-attired tosy-faced wives, and as chubby, contented children, as they appear on Mr. Clark's canvases. He has rarely hit on a better subject than that which is here depicted. These "Three Little Kittens" convey the same feeling of wholesome enjoyment to the spectator as does Collins' famous picture "Happy as a King." We seem to say to ourselves, What signify riches, rank, honours, all, in fact, that the world strives for so eagerly, when it is possible to enjoy oneself so supremely under the shadow of this dilapidated "Gamp?"—"Three Little Kittens" has been reproduced by Messrs. Goupil and Co.

##### "THE LAST LOOK"

WE have rarely seen a picture at the Royal Academy Exhibition surpassing this in deep and genuine pathos. Mr. Maynard Brown has avoided a temptation to which English artists are more prone than their Continental brethren: he has not presented us with an idealised Poverty for the sake of making it picturesque and attractive; he has painted a scene of every-day occurrence among the very poor, without diminishing aught of its actual squalor and misery. Such a family were doubtless wretched enough even when the bread-winner was alive and able to work; the wretchedness has been intensified during the wageless period which followed while he lay sick; and now the sorrow of the last look as he lies in his coffin is made the more bitter by the knowledge that henceforth the widow must battle alone with the harsh world.—Our engraving of this picture is copyright, and is published by the kind permission of the owner, Mr. Peter Hastie.

##### "FROM POST TO FINISH"

A NEW STORY, by Captain Hawley Smart, illustrated by John Charlton and Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 577.

##### SKETCHES IN NEW ZEALAND.—I.

LAKE WAKATIPU is situated in the Province of Otago, in the South Island. It is about sixty miles long, is shaped like a Z, and is surrounded by mountains ranging from 6,000 to 10,000 feet high. Queenstown, which lies on the lake, was once a flourishing gold-mining town; it has now become a favourite resort for tourists and holiday folk. Our view is taken from Queenstown, looking up the lake. The mountain in front is called Cecil Peak. The Forbes Mountains are at the head of Lake Wakatipu. Few, except shepherds, have hitherto explored their recesses; but if the traveller does not mind shepherds' tents and bush fare, he will here find scenery grand enough to repay any amount of trouble. The Waimakariri is one of the numerous glaciers which are to be found in the backbone of snowy mountains which runs along the whole length of the South Island. This glacier is more accessible than the rest, being only fourteen miles from the road which runs from Christchurch to Hokitika. Picton lies at the head of a deep fiord, called Queen Charlotte's Sound, at the north end of the South Island, abutting on Cook's Strait. It is a very picturesque place, and has a quiet, old-world, English look. Its quietude will probably disappear if, as is promised, it becomes a railway terminus and port of entry for the mail steamers. The River Waikato flows from Lake Taupo through the volcanic district of the North Island. Our view is taken about three miles from Lake Taupo. Here the river flows over vast beds of pumice stone, the cliffs are pumice, and blocks of it may be seen borne down by the stream. The district is all burnt up, and little will grow save down by the river banks, which look like glimpses of Paradise in the desert. Here and there is seen the white smoke from some "fumarole," or is heard the boiling of some geyser. All around the ground is hollow to the tread. The "Crow's Nest" is the familiar name for an intermittent geyser near the River Waikato. Every hour or so the water spouts up to the height of twenty or thirty feet. The water is highly charged with silica, and thus this cone of white silica has been formed. In the sunshine it glistens like snow, and down at the bottom lies the dark still water, looking as if it never knew aught but perfect rest.—Our engravings are from sketches by the Rev. F. R. Hutton, of 11, Victoria Street, Bishop Auckland.

##### THE BRITISH TAR ABROAD

THE behaviour of our Blue-jackets is sometimes "sick"—especially when landed on the shores of the sunny Orient—that they must often be a sore puzzle to the staid and solemn inhabitants of those regions. "In wit a man, simplicity a child." If this quotation could be pinned as an appropriate motto on Jack Tar's bosom, he would be both free and welcome to the inhabitants of those countries, whereas now he is frequently more free than welcome, being, to alter the foregoing quotation, "In strength a man, in gnomesomeness a child."

Our sketches are from the pen of an officer who was in the Channel Squadron in its recent tour in the East, and they depict some of the vagaries indulged in by the Blue-jackets. They delighted in the Turks ("Bono Johnnies" they still call them, after the tradition of the old Crimean days), far preferring them to the Greeks, but it is doubtful whether the Turks were equally delighted with them. They cut down trees when picnicking in the woods, excusing the damage they had done by remarking how handy the charcoal they had left behind would come in for the natives; they played lawn-tennis in the local cemetery; they forcibly abducted dogs, drawing them, by the persuasive influence of a tough piece of cord, on board their boats; and, worst of all, they made unceremonious love to the veiled ladies of the harem.

All this sounds very outrageous, and we have no wish to excuse such conduct, nevertheless there is much truth in the words with which our correspondent concludes his letter: "Such is the good-nature and occasional acts of kindness of the man-o'-war's man that on leaving a place all his faults are usually condoned."



THE House of Commons adjourned on Monday night, and will not meet again till Monday next. The House of Lords, with exemplary industry and devotion to duty, had a brief sitting on Tuesday, when they completed the financial business of the Autumn Session. Affairs in the House of Commons continue to be ruffled by surprises of a major and minor kind. Amongst the latter is to be counted the varying hour at which adjournments took place. On Thursday, for example, it was anticipated that there would be a prolonged sitting, affairs in South Africa being submitted for debate. On Monday an early-closing movement was looked for, since the business before the House was simply formal. On Thursday the House was up a few minutes after six, sitting on Monday till midnight had struck.

The real interest of Thursday's sitting closed with the last answer of the Prime Minister to the many and miscellaneous inquiries addressed to him. He was fresh from the preliminary meeting with Lord Salisbury, and there was some expectation that he might have an important communication to make. But he had no story to tell, his business with Lord Salisbury on the previous day having been confined to making arrangements for the first meeting of the Conference on the Redistribution Bill, which took place on Saturday. He announced that the Government were framing proposals with respect to the financial condition of Egypt, which would be immediately communicated to the European Powers, and, when their views had been expressed, the result would be made known to the House. As to the Navy, the Cabinet, in the pressure of business, had not yet been able to fully consider the matter; but Mr. Childers made known the fact that there would this Session be no fresh vote demanded on account of the Navy. After this the debate on Bechuanaland was opened by Mr. Gorst, with Mr. Forster, Sir Michael Hicks Beach, and other critics on colonial policy in reserve. Mr. Chamberlain, however, returned the straightforward, emphatic answer, which turneth away debate. There was really nothing more to be said after he had declared, upon the authority of the Cabinet, that no arrangements would be entered into which did not provide for the expulsion of the freebooters from Bechuanaland. So the speeches prepared were either buried or not delivered, and the House adjourned before some members were quite aware that it had settled down to business.

Mr. Labouchere brought forward on Friday night his motion, which in scarcely disguised form ("exceedingly mild and extremely temperate" was Mr. Labouchere's description of it) called for the abolition of the House of Lords. Had this been brought forward only a week earlier there is no doubt the result would have been very different. It is not likely that it would have been carried, for Ministers do not commit themselves to a great constitutional change upon an abstract resolution brought forward by a private member. But Mr. Gladstone would have been obliged to take a different line, and the great body of Liberals would have voted for it. Mr. Labouchere was a week behind the fair. A good deal had happened since the week opened. Not only had the Franchise Bill been read a second time by the House of Lords without a division, but Lord Salisbury was at the moment actually in friendly consultation with Mr. Gladstone with the object of bringing the Reform question to an amicable settlement. In these circumstances Mr. Gladstone, though without overflow of enthusiasm, opposed the resolution, chiefly on the score of its inopportunities. On this excuse many who would have voted for the resolution, and who do not disguise their intention of some day voting for one even stronger, now stood aside. About half a hundred members seated behind the Treasury Bench, and some from below the Gangway, rose when the question was put, and left the House. Nevertheless 71 declined to listen to the plea of inopportunities, and voted against the Lords, and 145, composed of Conservatives, Ministers, and Ministerialists voted for the Lords, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say voted against the resolution.

The House had a brief sitting on Saturday, made melancholy by the appearance of the indomitable Mr. Hubbard, with his familiar speech on the Income Tax. It was only last July, after various nibblings at the subject, that he obtained a whole joyful evening to himself, and delivered this same speech. Mr. Gladstone, whose appetite for debate on financial affairs is insatiable, and is not to be rebuffed even by the fact that Mr. Hubbard is the speaker, then sat through an hour or two of the Address. On Saturday Mr. Hubbard was deprived of this stimulus, the Premier having made a Saturday afternoon holiday, and gone into the country. Poor Mr. Childers was bound to remain, and Lord Hartington, Mr. Gladstone's *locum tenens*, was also on the Treasury Bench fast asleep. From other parts of the House members had fled; nevertheless Mr. Hubbard went on to the bitter end. It was curious how, when, having misplaced one of the folios of his speech, there was an interval of silence, Lord Hartington suddenly woke up, falling off to sleep again when the monotonous voice recommenced the interminable story.

Mr. Gladstone, whose comparative juvenility invariably leads him to take hopeful views of any situation, had on Thursday convinced himself of the strong probability of a single meeting of the Conference sufficing to establish the basis of the Redistribution Bill. He had therefore given a conditional promise that on Monday he would move for leave to introduce the Bill, and though on Saturday it was known that this expectation could not be carried out, there was a considerable gathering of members. The House was, indeed, quite crowded on the Liberal side, where gentlemen below the gangway sat in serried ranks. Mr. Gladstone had nothing to say about the Redistribution Bill beyond intimating that he would, if possible, bring it in on Monday, adding that in such case the Second Reading would be taken on the following Thursday. There was a combined and evidently pre-arranged raid by the Irish Members upon the question hour. They ran the aggregate number of questions up to eighty-seven, and, putting in the course of the sitting others without notice, they brought the total up to over a hundred. Mr. Deasy's inquiry of the Secretary to the Admiralty as to the price of bacon supplied to H.M. ships fairly strikes the average point of public interest. Mr. Biggar developed a new, and what, if unrestrained, may prove a terrible feature of the question hour. Hitherto, by great industry and by encouragement of much correspondence, the Irish members have been able to ask questions about places really existing. On Monday night Mr. Biggar, who is by no means a man of fertile mind, had got together nine questions. One of these it turned out was composed by the invention of the names of a number of sessions districts in the county the hon. gentleman represents. He recited a string of names purporting to be those of sessions districts, and sternly asked the Chief Secretary whether it was true that in these places there were no Roman Catholic magistrates on the Bench. The unsuspecting Chief Secretary replied without detecting the little joke, which was pointed out by Mr. Beresford, who has an intimate acquaintance with County Cavan, and who declared there were no such places in existence.

On the motion for the adjournment there was some complaint from Sir John Lubbock, who had secured Friday night for his motion on the subject of Proportional Representation, and who saw himself

shut out by the arrangements for the adjournment. Mr. Woodall also complained that the chances of the Women's Suffrage Bill were destroyed by Tuesday lapsing in the holidays. This was quite in order, and was only to be expected. But the Irish members had prepared another little surprise for the House, even more serious than this deluge of questions. Mr. O'Brien, who has undertaken the championship of any convicted criminal in Ireland whose body, whether alive or dead, may be useful wherewith to batter Lord Spencer, brought forward once more the case of Joseph Poole, executed for the deliberate and cowardly murder of a suspected informer. We have had this in the House more than once, even in the Autumn Session. But the Parnellites, beginning at six o'clock, kept the ball rolling till midnight, having the satisfaction of keeping from their dinners and home engagements some innocent Ministers, and sufficient members to keep a House. But there is an end of everything, and shortly after midnight the speech-making flickered out, and the House stood adjourned till Monday.



THE FINAL AGREEMENT between the Ministers and the Opposition on the Redistribution question continues to be anticipated with confidence. Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Bright have expressed themselves to that effect. Speaking at a banquet given at the Beaconsfield Club to the Prime Minister of Canada, Sir John Macdonald, Sir Stafford Northcote volunteered the admission that many people would be "startled" by the Redistribution Bill, as its proposals would be of a "very huge character." On Wednesday the two Conservative leaders conferred with the principal members of the party before joining Mr. Gladstone, Lord Hartington, and Sir Charles Dilke at another consultation in Downing Street.

MR. CAINE, the new Civil Lord of the Admiralty, has been returned for Scarborough by a majority of 173, being 96 less than the Liberal majority at the recent election for that borough. Sir George Sitwell was again the Conservative candidate.

RECEIVING A DEPUTATION, representing the Primrose League, Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote expressed approval of its object, and of their readiness to aid its operations. A hope was expressed that they would become its Grand Masters. The Marchioness of Salisbury has become a "Dame" of the Order.

IT HAS BEEN DECIDED by the Committee of the subscribers for the statue of Mr. Gladstone placed in the house of the City Liberal Club, to apply the accruing surplus of 200 guineas to the purchase for the Club Library of works illustrating as far as possible the various opinions and career of Mr. Gladstone.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL will not contribute his quota to the discussion on Redistribution. Pleading ill-health and the need of repose, he intends to sail immediately for India (Mr. Schindler will be on board the same vessel), and he has revoked his promise to address the Conservatives of Liverpool in December.

A COMMITTEE is being formed, with the Duke of Westminster for Chairman and Lord John Manners for Vice-Chairman, to promote a Fawcett Memorial Fund for the higher education of the blind. Lord John Manners, it will be remembered, was Postmaster-General in the last Conservative Administration.

ANOTHER MEMORIAL, associating Professor Fawcett both with the blind and with the General Post Office, is projected by the Trustees of the Rowland Hill Benevolent Fund, under the auspices of Lord Mayor Nottage, who is one of the Trustees of that body, and who is opening a special fund at the Mansion House to promote it. The Trustees intend to set aside a limited portion of their too slender funds, to be called the "Fawcett Memorial Fund," for the benefit of those employés of the Post Office, or their widows or orphans, who may be afflicted by blindness.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL, in another letter, explains his grievance against Mr. Chamberlain to lie in the President of Board of Trade's treatment of Mr. Wigham, one of whose improvements in lighthouse illumination the department first endeavoured to appropriate without compensation, and of all of whose patents and inventions it afterwards claimed the acquisition, when tardily offering him compensation for the one which it had appropriated. Professor Tyndall was for justice to Mr. Wigham, and hence the rupture between him and Mr. Chamberlain, whom he charges with seeking to introduce into official life "a mean and grinding despotism."

VERY MODERATE DRINKING has found a very moderate supporter in Sir Andrew Clark, who, lecturing on "Health" at the Young Men's Christian Association in the City this week, said that it had yet to be proved that alcohol, in certain small quantities, taken at dinner or supper, interfered with the physical and mental, the moral or spiritual development of man. The world was not so full of gladness that they should refuse small quantities of alcohol to those who got gladness from it; but, at the same time, the less alcohol they took the better.

THE SMALL-POX EPIDEMIC IN THE METROPOLIS is again increasing. At the last meeting of the Metropolitan Asylums Board the number of patients admitted had been 370 during the fortnight, against 277 in the previous fortnight. The Hampstead Hospital Committee reported several cases showing how carelessly small-pox may be propagated. Among them was that of a chemist's assistant who spent four hours in the House of Commons, presumably in the Strangers' Gallery, after suffering from the initiatory fever of small-pox, and even when the eruption had appeared he served in his employer's shop until he was taken to the asylum.

THE WEEK'S OBITUARY is one unusually heavy, and our space permits the mention only of the death of the Dean of Gloucester (referred to in our Church column); of the Rev. G. J. Dupuis, Vice-Provost of Eton, at the advanced age of eighty-eight; of Sir Charles Rowley, fourth Baronet, a liberal supporter of the charities of the metropolis, especially of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, in his fortieth year; of Admiral James Burney, son of Dr. Burney, of Gosport, and thus a nephew of Madame d'Arblay, who entered the navy in 1807, and was in active service during the French War, at the advanced age of ninety-one; of the Rev. Abraham Hume, Honorary Canon of Liverpool, whose evidence in 1868 before a Select Committee of the House of Lords led to the formation of the Liverpool Church Aid Society, of educational progress in which he was a zealous promoter, author of numerous contributions to general and local archaeology, in or about his seventieth year; of the Rev. Henry Dawson, a prominent Baptist minister, who in 1881 filled the office of President of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland; of Mr. H. Leischield, the sculptor of the Guards' Memorial at Chelsea, among other works of merit; of Sir William Mitchell, for fourteen years President of the Legislative Council of Victoria, and for forty-four closely identified with the politics and social development of the colony; and of "Judge" Longfield, one of the three eminent legislators appointed to administer the Encumbered Estates Act. A Liberal in politics, he was generally respected in Ireland, and in all discussions on the Irish Land question his opinions were quoted as those of a recognised authority. Judge Longfield took an active part in framing the financial scheme of the Disestablished Church of Ireland, and was Assessor to its General Synod.



AN ELECTRICAL EXHIBITION will take place next January in Paris, at the Observatoire, where special conferences will be held during the display to discuss the progress in electric discovery within the past few years.

THE LARK CAN NO LONGER BE CONSIDERED the typical early bird, if we are to believe an American professor, who has lately been studying the feathered early risers. The crow and the quail get up much sooner than the lark, and are first in the field for the early worm.

THE CHOLERA EPIDEMIC IN PARIS produced last week a special newspaper, which the newsboys cried vigorously on the Boulevards, "Buy *L'Anti-Trac* (The Anti-Scare), the only journal which doesn't mention the cholera." Their announcement was true enough; for when the passers-by had invested their penny in *L'Anti-Trac*, they found only four blank sheets of paper—a regular sell.

THE GERMAN COLONISATION FEVER now prevalent has produced a special magazine, the *Deutsche Kolonial Zeitung*. The object of the new periodical is "to arouse the interest of all classes in Germany in the colonial policy of the country; to further German enterprise in the colonies; to strengthen the relations between Germans in all parts of the globe by intercourse with the Fatherland, and to spread the knowledge of all countries and peoples."

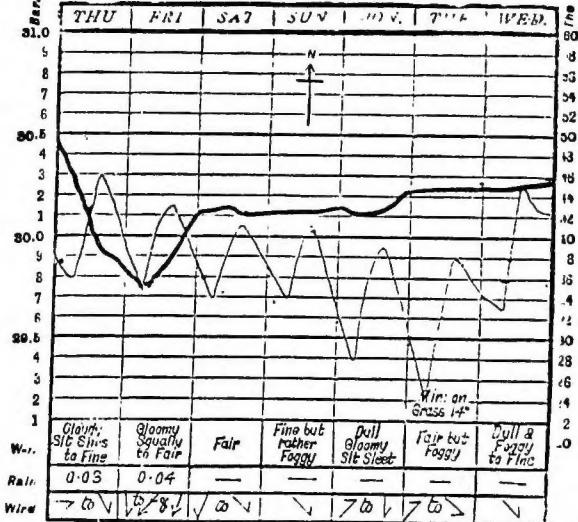
A VERY SEVERE WINTER is being prophesied for the United States. The weatherwise point out that all the migratory birds have departed much earlier than usual, and even the hardy members of the feathered tribes, such as crows, &c., seem to have disappeared. During a journey of fifty-six miles, one observing woodsman saw only a few sparrows and an occasional hawk. Moreover, the burrowing animals are digging their winter homes extra deep, while the fur-clad animals have thicker coats than ordinary.

KING LOUIS OF BAVARIA'S PRIVATE WAGNERIAN PERFORMANCES must be somewhat trying to the actors. During the late representations of *Parsifal* at Munich for his eccentric Majesty's solitary gratification, the performance began at an early hour, and continued till 3 or 3.30 in the morning, with an hour's interval at midnight for rest. Not a soul was in the audience part but the King, whose box was perfectly dark, and further, to ensure seclusion, the actors, when not engaged on the stage, were obliged to stay in their dressing-rooms, and dared not linger behind the scenes. When the entertainment was over King Louis returned to the palace by a secret corridor, and sat up till 7 A.M., when he went to bed till 3 in the afternoon, returning to the theatre soon after he arose.

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,521 deaths were registered against 1,507 during the previous seven days, a rise of 14, but being 255 below the average. These deaths included 33 from small-pox (a decline of 2, but 20 above the average); the Metropolitan Asylums Hospitals contained 768 patients at the end of last week, the newly admitted cases having numbered 149 (a decrease of 50); 14 from measles (a fall of 5), 36 from scarlet fever, 31 from diphtheria (a rise of 14), 24 from whooping-cough (an increase of 8), 2 from typhus fever, 20 from enteric fever (a fall of 1), 1 from simple continued fever, 15 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decline of 4), and not one from cholera. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 354 (a decrease of 14, and 141 below the average). Different forms of violence caused 57 deaths, 54 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 32 from fractures and contusions, 8 from burns and scalds, 4 from drowning, 2 from poison, and 5 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. There were 2,409 births registered against 2,558 during the previous week, being 250 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 38.8 deg., and 26 below the average. Rain fell on four days to the aggregate amount of 0.08 of an inch. The duration of bright sunshine in the week was 3.5 hours.

#### WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM NOVEMBER 20 TO NOVEMBER 26 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather over Great Britain at the commencement of the past week was affected by a depression which travelled rapidly in a more or less southerly direction from the west coast of Norway to the neighbourhood of southern Switzerland. Pressure decreased quickly over western Europe, and the gradients for northerly winds, which set in over Scotland and England, became rather steep. In force the wind gradually rose to a gale at several of our northern, north-western, and eastern stations. Cold showers of rain or sleet were experienced in many parts of the kingdom; lightning was seen at some of the northern stations, and a thunderstorm occurred at Shields. In the mean time the eastern side of a high pressure area lay over Ireland, and although the depression just referred to made itself felt there, the conditions in the weather, as compared with what occurred at the eastern portion of Great Britain, were greatly modified. Throughout the remainder of the week pressure continued high in the south-west and west of our islands, and as the barometer rose quickly in the rear of the disturbance of Thursday (20th inst.) and Friday (21st inst.), the winds gradually fell light over our islands generally. Moderate to light northerly and north-westerly breezes continued at most places, with local fog or mist, over Great Britain, and fine weather over Ireland. Slight showers of rain or sleet occurred in many parts of the kingdom, and snow in the extreme north, while frost was reported from several places. The lowest temperatures were recorded on Tuesday (22nd inst.), when the sheltered thermometer showed 22° at Cambridge, and the grass thermometer 14° in London. The barometer was highest (30.47 inches) on Thursday (20th inst.); range, 0.71 inches. Temperature was highest (60°) on Thursday (20th inst.); lowest (25°) on Tuesday (22nd inst.); range, 21°. Rain fell on two days. Total amount, 0.07 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.04 inches, on Friday (21st inst.).



RACES AT DONGOLA BEFORE THE MUDIR  
FROM A SKETCH BY A MILITARY OFFICER WITH THE NILE EXPEDITION



IN EGYPT Lord Wolseley's journey to Wady Halfa has had the effect of somewhat hurrying forward the troops, but beyond the advance of the various regiments towards Dongola there is little to chronicle. The Expedition is moving forward simultaneously along the whole line, and the station left by a detachment in the morning is occupied by the one in the rear during the following night. General Buller expects to advance his headquarters from Wady Halfa during the week, while at Dongola the main camp will be formed some twenty miles to the south. Ten thousand British troops are now south of Assouan. There is no fresh news from Khartoum, save that spies report that the Mahdi's forces are before the city, and that they occupy Omdurman, some 15,000 or 20,000 strong. According to the *Layly News* correspondent, the report that Mr. Frank Vizetelly is alive is confirmed. He is stated to be in the Mahdi's camp, and not at El Obeid, and is described as a "great medicine man," who "draws trees" and practises as a doctor. No other Englishman is with him.

At Cairo the action against the Ministers by the Commissioners of the Public Debt for suspending the Sinking Fund came before the Court on Tuesday, the prosecuting counsel urging that the Ministers and the Mudirs were liable to three years' penal servitude. The Government plea will be put in next Tuesday, and judgment is expected to be given during the following week. Another controversial question is the purchase of some 200 Krupp guns belonging to the Egyptian army, which had been sold to a German, Herr Bosch, who intended to ship them to China. The French representative very naturally interfered, and the Government accordingly prohibited their exportation, and declined to provide a train for their conveyance to Suez. Herr Bosch now intends to bring an action against the Ministers to the tune of 20,000/. Brigandage is rife in the interior, and the officials in many cases are shrewdly suspected of being in league with the brigands. Last week, however, the Minister of the Interior himself visited the province of Minieh, and succeeded in capturing twenty-four members of a noteworthy band which had been devastating that province. From Suakin there is nothing fresh. Osman Digma is doing his utmost to prevent us from communicating with the interior, and to harass our outposts, but appears, from all accounts, to have failed in his efforts to arouse the tribes.

THE WEST AFRICAN CONGRESS at Berlin were to hold another meeting on Thursday, and the technical advisers have been hard at work considering in what precise manner the term "Basin of the Congo" is to be defined. This is a question of very great importance, as, according to the declaration submitted by Germany for signature by the Plenipotentiaries, that region is to be left perfectly free for the trade of all nations, all flags being admitted freely, and commodities of all nations being subject to no duties save those levied as compensation for useful expenditure incurred in the interest of trade, which shall be alike imposed upon the subjects of the State wielding sovereignty over that particular district and on foreigners of every nationality, no import or transit duties being imposed. All Powers exercising sovereign rights equally bind themselves to co-operate in the suppression of the slave trade, and in the promotion of missions and other institutions tending to civilise the natives. The most noteworthy proposition was that set forward by Mr. Stanley—nominally on behalf of the United States—and ultimately, after some opposition from France, who has powerful interests in the North, and Portugal, who is similarly situated to the South, it was adopted for recommendation to the Plenary Conference. By this the Congo basin is not merely defined upon a "geographical" basis, but on a broad "commercial" principle. In general terms, this basin, therefore, is bounded by the watershed of the Congo affluents, and its outlet on the western coast extends from the little River Logo, in the South, to Sette, close to the French Gaboon frontier, on the North. Moreover, on the eastern side, the free trade basin will include all lakes and eastward rivers which may be considered to be affected by Congo commerce—even the head waters of the Nile being thus included—and all territory to the East. These stipulations, however, do not affect the sovereign rights and territorial claims of the various Powers, the Conference confining itself to securing commercial advantages for the world at large, independently of the political divisions into which the region affected is, or may be, split up. Meanwhile, Prince Bismarck, with his usual astuteness, has recognised the International African Association and its flag, so that in the event of any portion of the Association's territory being ceded to France—as it may possibly be under the Treaty with that country—Germany can claim a continuation of all the guarantees of Free Trade and Navigation now granted by the Association.

On Wednesday Prince Bismarck was defeated on the question of payment to deputies, who decided that they should be remunerated for their Parliamentary services by 180 to 99 votes. An important military reform is about to be introduced into the German cavalry. The authorities, recognising the importance of mounted infantry in modern warfare, will practically reorganise the existing cavalry arms from that point of view, making the men sling their carbines across their backs and suspend their sabres from the saddle, as that arm impedes the movements of the man when off his horse.

FRANCE has been almost wholly occupied with the debate on the report of the Tonquin Committee. The discussion has been heated, and excites reminiscences of the lively Parliamentary times of the MacMahonate. On behalf of the Radicals M. Lockroy severely criticised M. Ferry and his colonial policy, and blamed him for adopting half measures, and thereby avoiding the obligation of consulting Parliament. M. Lockroy, however, was mild in the extreme in comparison with that irascible Bonapartist M. Delafosse, who accused the Government of squandering abroad the resources and the armaments of the country at the risk of imperilling her existence at home. The only solution was the dismissal of the Ministers and their impeachment. M. Ferry found, however, a defender in Monsignor Freppel, who, in the interest of the Roman Catholic mission, supported the Government policy, and M. Leroy, the Reporter of the Committee, who, in the interest of the Roman Catholic mission, supported the Government policy. M. Ferry spoke on Wednesday, his chief points being that "events had decided the Ministerial policy, and not that policy events," and a very kindly mention of England's offer of mediation. Meanwhile, from China comes further accounts of desultory fighting. Colonel Duchesne claims to have driven back the enemy on the Tuen-Kwan road on the 21st and 22nd inst., storming three villages, and taking or destroying large quantities of supplies. The Black Flags and Chinese regulars from Yunnan are stated to be in full retreat, and to have taken refuge in the forests and mountains. Admiral Courbet also telegraphs that on the 13th and 14th insts., a column under Captain Langue attacked the Chinese fortified position near Kelung, dislodging the enemy, and burning the Chinese camp. On their side the Chinese are continuing their preparations for war, and near Foochow the drilling continues on an extensive scale, thousands of troops being now collected in the district. The Chinese higher classes are said to be bent on fighting, and to discourage all overtures for peace. Another telegram, however, asserts that

French action has driven the Chinese Government to reopen the Tonquin question, and to ask English mediation. The Chinese secretaries of Li declare that they saw Captain Fournier make and sign the erasures in the Tonquin Treaty.

To turn to FRANCE proper, there was a serious riot at Paris at a Radical meeting in the Salle Levis, convened in incendiary terms for discussing the present depression of employment and wages. The oratory was most violent, the pillage of the rich and the extermination of the hated bourgeoisie being enthusiastically advocated, and resolutions being passed, declaring that the Commune must be established in place of the bourgeois Republic. On the breaking up of the meeting the police tried to keep order, but ineffectually, the crowd showing every disposition to resort to violent measures, and finally a detachment of the Garde Republicaine had to be called in to restore order. The cholera epidemic is, it is to be hoped, now fairly at an end for the winter, and the Prefect of Police has ceased to issue the bulletins of mortality. Other topics have been the sudden death of Admiral Fourichon, and the appointment of M. Ritt, in conjunction with the well-known singer, M. Gailhard, to the management of the Grand Opera.

In INDIA the news from the Indian section of the Afghan Frontier Expedition states that Colonel Ridgeway and his party arrived near Herat on the 14th inst., being cordially welcomed by the population and the Governor, who met the British at the head of 3,000 troops. Colonel Ridgeway will take the main body direct into winter quarters near Maimena. Sir Peter Lumsden and his section, we learn from Kushan on the 22nd inst., were to leave Panjehed on the 24th inst. to allay the excitement caused amongst the Afghans and Turcomans by the alleged aggressions on the part of Russia. From both sections come statements that there is a strong reaction in favour of the British, owing to fear of Russia, which is accused of having sent constant emissaries, together with survey parties, in the districts of the Hari Rud and Margab rivers. The Zohb Expeditionary Force is now returning. One valuable result of the expedition is a complete survey of the whole valley. It has been ascertained that the main route from the Gomul Pass to Candahar does not lie, as had been supposed, through the Zohb Valley, but through the Valley of Khwadar, which is practicable for a large army.

Of MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS news comes from SPAIN of serious disturbances in Madrid amongst the University students, owing to an episcopal excommunication of a speech by an eminent Liberal professor. The students made an angry demonstration, and were charged by the police, a number being arrested. The Rector has resigned, being replaced by a staunch Ultramontane. The telegrams to foreign papers of the proceedings have been suppressed, eight newspapers have been seized, and the most arbitrary measures have been resorted to to restore order. Cholera is increasing at Toledo.—In RUSSIA the jubilee of the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg, Monseignor Isidore, has been celebrated with great solemnity, he having now held the archiepiscopal office for fifty years. In the South an extraordinary severe winter is expected, the frost having already set in at Odessa.—GREECE has issued a satisfactory Budget, the estimates for the ensuing year showing a satisfactory surplus.—In AUSTRO-HUNGARY the chief interest has centred in a deputation of some 260 former comrades of General Goerger, who have presented him with a manifesto declaring him innocent of the charge of treason brought against him after his surrender of Vilagos to the Russians in 1849 with 23,000 men and 130 guns. The General made a most patriotic reply.—In the UNITED STATES there is great depression of trade, and much opposition is being offered to the new Spanish-American Treaty by the sugar-growing, tobacco, and whisky interests.—CANADA, and New Brunswick in particular, are also much exercised about the treaty, as the maritime colonists fear that it will destroy their shipping trade, and in this case annexation to the United States is openly proposed.—From SOUTH AFRICA we hear that the report is unfounded that Mr. Dutoit, who acted as Special Commissioner for the Transvaal in proclaiming the territories of Moshette and Montsia and the Transvaal Republic, had hoisted the Transvaal flag in Montsia's territory. The pacific settlement which the Cape Ministers are endeavouring to make in Bechuanaland is based upon the plan of offering farms in the unallotted portion of North Stellaland to the Goshen freebooters.



THE Queen has been entertaining numerous visitors at Windsor. The Duchess of Albany with her children joined Her Majesty at the Castle on Saturday, and next morning accompanied the Queen and the Princess Beatrice to Divine Service in the private chapel, where the Dean of Windsor officiated. Subsequently Princess Christian and her daughters visited the Royal party, and Her Majesty gave audience to Earl Granville, who with Lord Rowton and the Dean of Windsor dined with the Queen and Princesses in the evening. On Monday morning the Duchess of Albany left for London, going thence to Claremont, where her children rejoined her later in the day. Princess Beatrice in the afternoon visited the Royal vault in St. George's Chapel, and a short time after accompanied the Queen to the Duke of Albany's tomb. Her Majesty gave a dinner-party in the evening, when Prince and Princess Christian, the Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Gordon, Lady Biddulph, Lord Rowton, and Sir H. Ponsonby were the guests. The Queen's visitors left on Tuesday, when Princess Louise, Sir John Macdonald, Canadian Premier, Lord Derby, and Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone arrived on a visit, and dined with Her Majesty in the evening. Next week the Queen visits Claremont to be present on Thursday at the formal christening of the infant Duke of Albany, who was privately baptised shortly after his birth, in consequence of his extreme delicacy. Her Majesty leaves Windsor about December 18 to spend Christmas at Osborne.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are also receiving visitors at Sandringham. Earl Sydeney, Sir John Macdonald, Sir John Rose, and Sir Robert Herbert have been among the guests at Sandringham House, and on Sunday the Prince and Princess, with their daughters and visitors, attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's, where Canon Duckworth preached. Next day Prince Albert of Saxe-Altenburg arrived, and on Tuesday Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg joined the Royal party. Wednesday was the fifteenth birthday of Princess Maud, youngest child of the Prince and Princess, while next Monday, being the Princess of Wales's birthday, will be kept at Sandringham with the usual festivities, the ball excepted. During next week the Prince and Princess may probably go to Claremont for the baby Duke of Albany's christening, and on December 18th they go to Witley Court, Worcestershire, to stay with Lord and Lady Dudley, when it is hoped that they will visit the town of Worcester.

The Duke of Edinburgh is expected home from his Mediterranean cruise next Monday, when he will resign his command of the Channel Squadron, having completed his term of service.—Princess Christian will open the new buildings in connection with the Middlesex Hospital on December 16.—The King and Queen of Württemberg are staying at Nice.



ANOTHER IMPORTANT ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENT is placed at the Premier's disposal by the death, in his eighty-seventh year, of the Very Rev. Henry Law, Dean of Gloucester. He was one of the sons of Dr. Law, successively Bishop of Chester and of Bath and Wells. Educated at Eton, where he was a contemporary of Dr. Pusey, he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, of which he became Tutor, and afterwards Fellow. Ordained by his father in 1821, he was appointed Rector of Weston-super-Mare in 1840, and remained there until 1862, when he became Dean of Gloucester. He was a zealous Evangelical, and an attached friend of Dean Close, co-operating with whom at Cheltenham, he as Rector of Weston added much to the strength of the Evangelical party in the West of England, where he wielded very great influence. Dean Law was the author of several theological works, among them Commentaries on the Psalms and the Song of Solomon.

THE ARCHDEACONS OF CANTERBURY AND MAIDSTONE have received from the Archbishop of Canterbury, who wishes it to be used in his Diocese, an appropriate Form of Prayer for our soldiers and sailors in Egypt and South Africa.

THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH has given his adhesion to the Church of England Temperance Society, and presided this week at the annual meeting of its Diocesan Branch held at Leicester. After referring playfully to his former doubtful attitude towards the movement as one which might lead him to be regarded as a Saul among the prophets, and expressing his desire for the suppression of intemperance, he spoke of the great temptations to that vice presented to the working man by a wearied monotonous life of daily toil. Let them, he said, close public houses if they liked, but let them, for pity's sake, provide for those in whose face they shut the only place that they were accustomed to look upon as places of resort and amusement, something else and better.

THE LATE REV. E. C. B. REED will, it is understood, be succeeded in the Secretarship of the Bible Society by the Rev. W. Major Paull, who has been on its staff for thirteen years.

THE ARCHITECTS consulted by the parishioners of Stratford-on-Avon report that the restoration forty years ago of the church which holds the remains and bust of Shakespeare, obliterated many of its ancient landmarks. They recommend such a re-restoration of the church as will preserve all its historical features. The work proposed will cost, it is estimated, 12,000/-

THE MUNIFICENT SUPPORTER OF CONGREGATIONALISM, MR. R. Hudson, of Chester, whose recent death was referred to in this column at the time, is to be succeeded in the Presidency of the English Congregational Chapel Building Society by Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., who has already subscribed liberally to its funds.

MR. SPURGEON is again ill, and was unable to preach at the Tabernacle on Sunday last



"THE LOST HUSBAND,"—Under this title a new operetta was produced at Devonshire House on Friday, and was repeated, for the benefit of the poor of Westminster, on Saturday. The libretto, founded on a story of the elder Dumas, is from the accomplished pen of the Dowager Marchioness of Downshire. A young girl, named Rita, has married a seaman, named Gasparo, but her husband left her directly after the ceremony, and for nine years has not been heard of. It is supposed he is drowned. So Rita marries again, and she leads her second husband a somewhat uncomfortable life. Gasparo subsequently puts in an appearance; but, by the law of the district, as he has not been heard of for eight years he is presumed to be dead. Rita is therefore at liberty to retain her second husband, and Gasparo returns to America, where he has a lady love awaiting him. Neither the libretto nor Lady Arthur Hill's simple but melodious music should be subject to criticism. The three parts were undertaken by Mrs. Godfrey Pearce, a daughter of Mario and Grisi, Mr. C. Colnaghi, and Mr. Cotsford Dick, the well-known song writer.

CHORAL CONCERTS.—MR. HENRY LESLIE has personally stepped forward to avert the threatened dissolution of his old choral society, and the famous Henry Leslie Choir will next year once more be under the baton of their founder. The rehearsals will begin directly after the Bach bi-centenary, and the first concert will be given at St. James's Hall on June 4th.—The performance of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* by the Sacred Harmonic Society left a great deal to be desired. It is said that no rehearsal under Mr. Halle had been held at all. Under such circumstances the choristers and conductor may fairly claim excuse, and the blame should be laid on the system which permits so extraordinary a state of matters. Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Santley were both in splendid voice, and although Miss Clara Samuell and Miss Hancock were somewhat overweighted with such music, they performed their tasks with credit.—On Saturday an enormous audience assembled at the Crystal Palace to hear *The Rose of Sharon*, conducted by the composer. Mr. Mackenzie has now wisely cut out all the music of the Elder, has further abbreviated the last section of the work, and has struck out the Epilogue. All this could be better spared than the magnificent anthem which precedes the choruses accompanying the procession of the Ark. The anthem is a fine piece of music, and it should be restored. The Sacred Harmonic choir, who had been further rehearsed, sang far better than at the last performance at St. James's Hall. Mrs. Hutchinson now replaced Mlle. Nevada, but the Irish soprano was much out of voice. Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley sang the music of the Woman, the Beloved, and Solomon.—On Wednesday the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, under Mr. Barnby, gave a performance of Berlioz's *La Damnation de Faust*. The parts of Margherita and Faust were in the hands of Madame Valleria and Mr. Edward Lloyd. Both were in excellent voice, and both aroused an apathetic audience to something like enthusiasm by their admirable delivery of the scene which opens the third part. Mr. Barrington Foote was a capital Mephistopheles, and Mr. Pyatt was the Brandam.—A choir of male voices, under the conductorship of Dr. Stainer, is now being organised for the performance of those choruses for men only which have long been popular in Germany.

THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.—The general committee met on Saturday, and agreed to the programme of novelties already announced. The Festival will be held August 26–29, 1885, under the conductorship of Herr Hans Richter. The novelties will be M. Gounod's oratorio, *Mors et Vita*, Herr Dvorak's new cantata on a national Bohemian subject, and six new works by English composers—viz., a cantata by Mr. F. H. Cowen, a violin concerto by Mr. A. C. Mackenzie, an orchestral symphony by Mr. Ebenezer

Prout, a large work by Dr. Villiers Stanford, a short work by Mr. Thomas Anderson, a local musician, and Dr. Bridge's setting of the Prime Minister's Latin version of the hymn, "Rock of Ages." These works will all be conducted by their respective composers.

**CHAMBER CONCERTS.**—The Popular Concert programmes have not been of very particular interest. On Saturday Mendelssohn's B flat Quartet, Op. 87, and Schumann's E flat Quartet, Op. 47, were given, Mlle. Kleeberg playing Schubert's Impromptu in B flat. Mr. Maas was the vocalist. On Monday the programme began with a Haydn Quartet, and ended with one of the twenty-nine pianoforte trios, or "sonate per pianoforte con violoncello," by the same master. Madame Néruda played Mozart's early violin Adagio in E, written in 1776, and intended to be performed with orchestral accompaniments, and Mr. J. Robertson sang an excellent song by Mr. Ernest Ford. The pianist was a *dubtante*, Mlle. Marie Fromm.

**NOTES AND NEWS.**—The next Handel Festival is definitely fixed to take place on June 19, 22, 24, and 26, 1885, under the direction of Mr. Manns.—Madame Albani will, it is said, shortly sail for the United States for a concert tour. Her first appearance will be at the New York Philharmonic Society's concert in January.

The Promenade Concert season ended on Monday, but an extra concert, with Mesdames Nilsson and Trebelli as chief artists, will be given to-day (Saturday).—The deficit in the Paris Opéra last year was 4,000/, besides 32,000/- subvention. At the Vienna Opera a profit of only 32/- was made, despite 24,000/- a year subvention, and no rent to pay.—M. Rubinstein's new comic opera, *Der Papagei* (*The Parrot*), was successfully produced at the Stadttheater, Hamburg, on the 11th instant.—Madame Carlotta Patti has recovered from the fall she recently suffered in Paris.—M. Massenet has, it is said, a new opera in hand on the subject of *Les Danicheff*.—The New Club Austrian Band gave their third concert at Steinway Hall on Tuesday. Herr Dami is an admirable conductor, and the waltz music performed by his stringed band is especially charming.—Four Shakesperian Overtures (on *Romeo and Juliet*, *Othello*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and *Macbeth*) have been found among the posthumous papers of Raff, and have been entrusted for production to Dr. Hans von Bülow.—Mr. Samuel Hayes' season of Italian Opera at Her Majesty's, has, as was expected, not been resumed.—At Wellington Barracks a series of performances of Mendelssohn's *Lohengrin*, Handel's *Messiah*, and Haydn's *Creation* are about to be given as part of the Sunday Church services.—Upwards of twenty-five concerts have been announced to be given during this week. To many of these it is, of course, not possible to refer.—The new premises of the Guildhall School of Music will be on the Thames Embankment, adjoining the City of London School.—At the first of the Ballad Concerts, on Wednesday, the only novelties were Mr. Adams' "The Shipmates" and Mr. Molloy's "The Old Sweet Songs." The artists were Mesdames Hauk, Sterling, and Néruda, Misses Davies and Rees, Messrs. Maas, Maybrick, and Foli.—At a *fête* given on Wednesday night at Humphreys' Hall for a charity, Madame Rose Hersee sang with the ability of a true artist Sir J. Benedict's "Scenes of My Youth," Miss Rosa Leo sang Massenet's "To Columbine," and Miss Alexandra Ehrenberg greatly pleased an audience, consisting largely of ladies, with Signor Tosti's new and charming song, "Bid Me Good-bye," and Mr. De Lara's new song, "My Trust."—Mr. Charles Hallé introduced Dvorák's *Stabat Mater* on Thursday, for the first time, to Manchester.—As lately as Saturday last the contracts between Mr. Mapleson and Mr. Harris for an Italian Opera Season next summer at Drury Lane, had, we are informed, not been exchanged.



**CONSIDERABLE SURPRISE** was excited by Mr. Justice Manisty's judgment for the defendant with costs in the action for libel brought by Mr. Adams against Mr. Bernard Coleridge. None seem to have been more surprised than the jury themselves, several members of whom have written indignantly to the papers, bitterly complaining of this reversal of their verdict, which gave the plaintiff 3,000/- damages for gross imputations on his character, which he proved to be unfounded, and which the defendant refused to retract. The effect produced by the criticisms which met the eye and doubtless the ears of the Judge was such that on taking his seat on the Bench the day after the trial he made a statement to the effect that what he had done was in the interest of both parties, since if he was wrong the Court of Appeal would say so, and hold the verdict to be right, thus the case would be brought to an end without the expense and risk of a second trial. This doubtless means that if he had directed a nonsuit, which some of his critics said he ought to have done, the plaintiff would in all likelihood have applied for a new trial. As it is Mr. Adams will, of course, appeal. As regards the administration of justice, the most unpleasant circumstance in the case is that the conduct throughout of the presiding Judge has given birth to a surmise that he was biased against the plaintiff through the defendant's filial relationship to Lord Chief Justice Coleridge. The surmise is no doubt incorrect, but "the wife of Caesar must not even be suspected."

**ANOTHER AND A HIDEOUS BLOW** has been dealt to reckless "Society" journalists by the verdict of the jury in an action for libel brought in the Queen's Bench Division before Mr. Justice Denman and a special jury. The plaintiffs were the parents of Lady Colin Campbell, and the defendant the proprietor and editor of *Modern Society*, in which journal appeared a paragraph insinuating that Lady Colin Campbell had hesitated to bring her mother into Court because her mother was divorced by a former husband on account of her elopement with her present husband. It was proved that there was not a word of truth in the statement, and the jury, after brief deliberation, awarded the plaintiff 1,000/- damages, because, in their opinion, the libel was "wicked, false, and cruel." A subsequent application of the defendant's counsel to stay execution, on the plea that the damages were excessive, was promptly refused by Mr. Justice Denman, who said that the damages were, if anything, too small.

**AND IN THE LIGHT OF A WARNING** to "Society" journals of a higher or more pretentious class than that to which *Modern Society* belongs may be regarded the verdict of acquittal of Lord Marcus Beresford for an assault on Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles, the editor and proprietor of *Vanity Fair*. The assault was not denied, but no great harm was done to Mr. Bowles, four or five of whose employer's rushed to his rescue. What, however, probably influenced the jury was that a letter had appeared in *Vanity Fair*, of which Lord Egmont in the witness-box avowed the authorship, charging Lord Marcus Beresford with neglecting the interests of the unfortunate Mrs. Trevelyan, who has been frequently before the public of late, and whose trustee Lord Marcus is, and making, respecting the previous relations of Mrs. Trevelyan and Lord Marcus, an insinuation which he resented by assaulting Mr. Bowles when the latter declined to give up the name of the author of the letter.

**ONE ATTEMPT TO PLACE SPARROW-SHOOTING** on the footing which unfortunately pigeon-shooting enjoys has been frustrated by the Queen's Bench Division. An hotel manager at Petworth, in Sussex, placed a number of trapped sparrows under inverted flower-

pots to be shot at for amusement as they rose. The local magistrates refused to convict, and it was contended by the counsel for the persons prosecuted for shooting, that as the sparrows had been once caught his clients might have considered them to be tame birds, and as such not coming within the Wild Birds Preservation Act. Mr. Justice Grove indignantly rejected such a playing with words, saying that it was inconceivable to him how four or five magistrates, sitting in solemn conclave could come to the conclusion which they arrived at. Mr. Justice Hawkins concurring, he sent the case back to the magistrates to convict, and expressed the hope that when they did convict, they would pass an exemplary sentence on all who took part "in the brutal sport of shooting at these wretched birds."

AT MIDNIGHT, on the 15th inst., Mr. Gibbons, a contractor to the Great Western Railway, of Hayes Town, near Uxbridge, was found dead by the local medical man who was summoned to his house. The only other person in it at the time was his wife, who said that after an altercation with her husband he produced a revolver and flourished it excitedly. In alarm she left the room, and returning on hearing several shots fired, found him bleeding on the floor. At the inquest, however, the medical practitioner who had been called in deposed that one of the wounds was caused by a bullet entering the back of the left shoulder, and could not possibly have been inflicted by the man himself. Mrs. Gibbons has accordingly been arrested on a charge of wilful murder. She and her husband, it is said, were known in the neighbourhood to have lived unhappily together.



The proverbial perils of a political play have been successfully encountered by the author of *The Candidate*, produced on Saturday last at the CRITERION. *The Candidate* is a free adaptation of *Le Député de Bombignac*, brought out at the Théâtre Français some months ago; and rarely can a somewhat heavy and not too original comedy have been so successfully converted into a three-act farce. Extravagant even beyond the verge of impossibility the Criterion piece undoubtedly is; for it asks us to imagine that a young nobleman known as Lord Oldacre is able to enter successfully upon an election contest in a Radical borough by sending his secretary to personate him. But probability is not of vital importance in pieces of this kind, provided a certain air of sincerity and good faith is maintained. The performance, aided by the unflagging vivacity and audacious impudence of Mr. Charles Wyndham, and the quiet incisive humour of Mr. Giddens, as Baffin, the confidential Secretary, is indeed far too brisk to allow time for considerations of this sort. When the astonished Conservative nobleman, who only hoped to make a respectable fight with his Radical opponents, learns that he has been elected mainly owing to an eloquent avowal of Radical doctrines made by his double under fear of the bricks and the water tank which were held in reserve for the reception of the Conservative candidate, his distresses cause immense merriment. In brief, the drollery of the piece is as abundant as it is harmless. The ladies' parts are less prominent, but they are still closely associated with the story, which bears some resemblance to that of *Le Mari à la Campagne*. They are very agreeably played by Miss Kate Korke, Miss Rose Saker, and Miss Florence Beale. Mr. Blakeley, in the part of a Fiji Missionary, also contributes an amusing, though rather highly-coloured, incidental sketch. Some mystery is made about the name of the adaptor, who is generally believed to be a very young Member of Parliament belonging to the Irish Home Rule party. He has unquestionably done his work skilfully; and has penned a comedy which is probably destined to rank among the brightest successes of the Criterion.

Mr. Paulton's new farcical comedy, *Lilies; or, Hearts and Actresses*, brought out at the GAELTY on Saturday afternoon enables the author to introduce himself in the amusing character of Professor Roscius Muggeridge, a low comedian, who has retired from the stage to devote himself to the instruction of aspirants in a college of dramatic art. The Professor, who, though his physical qualifications have baffled his histrionic ambition, has a soul for higher things, loathes the memory of his professional career, and constantly deplores the power of habit which so frequently betrays him into his old low comedy manners and expressions. All this, combined with his theories of art, his devotion to a "system," and his predilection for realistic models, help to make up a very humorous conception. *Lilies*, however, is not so much a play as a succession of comic incidents. So far as it has a story it failed entirely to excite interest. But the mimic rehearsal of *Pyramus and Thisbe* by the pupils, under the Professor's direction, together with Mr. Paulton's exceedingly droll encounter with an angry Margate boatman, who mistakes the Professor for an idle young gentleman who has been trifling with the affections of his daughter, was more than enough to keep the spectators in good humour, and altogether the piece unquestionably amused the audience. Next to Mr. Paulton's impersonation the most noteworthy performances were those of Mr. Jarvis as the Margate boatman, Miss Florence Trevelyan, Miss Muggeridge, and Mr. Drew as Randolph Weir, a tender poet of rather mild manners.

Mr. Savile Clarke is writing a burlesque upon *As You Like It*, in view of the forthcoming revival of that play at the St. James's Theatre.

Miss Mary Anderson's appearance as Imogen at the LYCEUM is deferred till next spring. *Cymbeline* will be put on the stage, with careful attention to archaeology and scenic beauty. The Hon. Lewis Wingfield is charged with the artistic details.

Mr. Oscar Wilde's play is called *The Duchess of Parma*. It will be produced this winter at a London theatre. Mr. Wilde is not altogether new to the stage. *His Vera*, a play of Russian political life, was brought out in New York some time since, with rather indifferent success.

Mr. Augustus Harris is contemplating, we believe, the production of a romantic drama, in which the gambling-tables of Monte Carlo and their fatal consequences will play an important part. Nothing, however, will of course be seen of this piece till the Christmas pantomime has run its course.

Mr. Irving's *Hamlet* appears not to have been greatly admired by the Boston folk. According to the accounts in the papers, the performances were but poorly attended. It is said that the reason of this was the anxiety of the Boston public to see the Lyceum company in performances which had been already favourably received. Mr. Irving had not appeared in *Hamlet* in Boston before this occasion.

Mr. Argus has this time stolen a march upon the unauthorised adaptors. His new story, "Dark Days," was dramatised by him some months ago, and performed on one occasion only at the PRINCE'S Theatre. By this precaution his exclusive right to dramatise it is secured.

Some one has discovered that the live snakes seen at the COMEDY Theatre last week were not introduced on the stage for the first time. Miss Florence St. John's exhibition of snake-charming was, it seems, anticipated in a play called *Hyder Ali*, produced at Drury

Lane Theatre, in 1831. The fact may be of interest as showing that in the "palmy days" of theatrical monopoly our chief temple of the drama was not above sensational devices. If the Comedy exhibition cannot lay claim to the honour of being the first thing of the kind, it seems more than probable that it will retain the distinction of being the last.

Mr. James Mortimer asks us to say that the statement that he is the author of *Lottie*, recently produced at the NOVELTY Theatre, is erroneous. The piece referred to is an adaptation by Mr. Robert Buchanan of Miss Harriett Jay's novel *Through the Stage Door*.

Mr. Warren Adams, the plaintiff in the recent action of libel against Mr. Bernard Coleridge, was for some years dramatic critic of a daily paper. Besides some novels of a High Church tendency, published anonymously, he is the author of a five-act historical play, entitled *Queen Jane*. Too deficient, perhaps, in action for the stage, this play, which was published in 1874, is nevertheless a work of some merit. It bears the simple dedication, "To My Wife."

Mr. Wilson Barrett gave a professional matinée of *Hamlet* on Wednesday, which was attended by a large number of actors and actresses. The invitations included representatives of the entire dramatic profession, from leading performers down to humble employees. Much enthusiasm was exhibited by the crowded audience.

**MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.**—*Old Knockles*, by Arthur Law and Alfred J. Caldicott, was brought out on Monday evening, and was received most enthusiastically. It is unquestionably one of the best musical comediettas which has been produced for some years at this popular place of entertainment. *Old Knockles*, the East Coast fisherman, so capitally got up that he might have stepped off Cromer Beach, was acted, with if possible more than his usual humour, by Mr. Alfred Reed. Miss Farina Holland was excellent as the supposed "seymale detective," but who is really a sensation novelist. A scrap of her fictional composition subsequently terrifies Mr. Bellworthy (Mr. Charles Allan), a collector of china, who believes that he is about to be murdered, and strives accordingly to hide himself. This character is very drolly rendered. Mr. North Home as the disguised baronet, and Miss Wardroper as the heroine, sing some agreeable ditties and act with spirit. Altogether the songs are capital, and the puns above the average. The place of Mr. Corney Grain, who is taking a rest, is occupied by Mr. Eric Lewis, who, in his musical sketch, *A Water Picnic*, showed himself to be no unworthy substitute.



"TWENTY-THREE YEARS' EXPERIENCE AT THE WILTON HOME FARM" is a work which agriculturists are just now perusing with great interest and profound discouragement. Lord Herbert of Lea, assisted by Mr. Elliot, of the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, has no story of a poor farm to tell us, but of a property of 201 acres arable, partly consisting of rich loam, resting on a chalky subsoil, and a larger proportion of thin calcareous soil, and this in connection with a sheep-walk of 66 acres of downs. The amount of capital engaged in farming was handsome, namely, 17. 8s. per acre; the average outlay for feeding stuffs was 3d. 17s. per acre, for artificial manure 12s. per acre, and for manual labour 2l. 5s. 9d. per acre. The average yields of cereals were 32½ bushels per acre of wheat, 46 bushels of barley, 57½ bushels of oats, and 37½ bushels of pulse per acre. The rent stood at the moderate figure of 19s. 3d. per acre, the tithe at 6s. per acre, and rates at 5s. per acre. During twenty years the average prices realised for meat produced were 8¾d. per lb. for mutton, 7¼d. per lb. for beef, 5¾d. per lb. for pork, and 1s. 4½d. per lb. for wool. Yet on this well-managed and well-served farm the average profits have been about 90/- a year, on which, had Lord Herbert been an ordinary tenant farmer, he would have had to live and keep a family in a middle-class station of life.

**FOOT-AND-MOUTH DISEASE** has, we are sorry to say, broken out again in Nottinghamshire. All the animals at the Grange Farm, Newstead Abbey, have been killed in consequence of an outbreak, and the disease appears to have spread—notwithstanding this prompt action—to the adjacent parishes.

**SAVAGE BULLS** have recently been the cause of more than one dreadful death, and also of several cases of life-long injury to human beings. This has naturally attracted attention to the matter, and farmers would be well-advised to take care that their bulls, when put into a field by themselves, are impeded by a log or some other weight which, while not hindering their movements for grazing, will effectually prevent their running after people. The idea that hornless bulls will not molest human beings is lacking in full foundation. The truth appears to be that horned bulls which have been dishorned do not recover sufficient self-confidence to take the offensive, but bulls born hornless are not lacking in aggressiveness. The Jersey breed have a particularly bad name for ill-temper, but young bulls just beginning to feel their strength are dangerous whatsoever the breed.

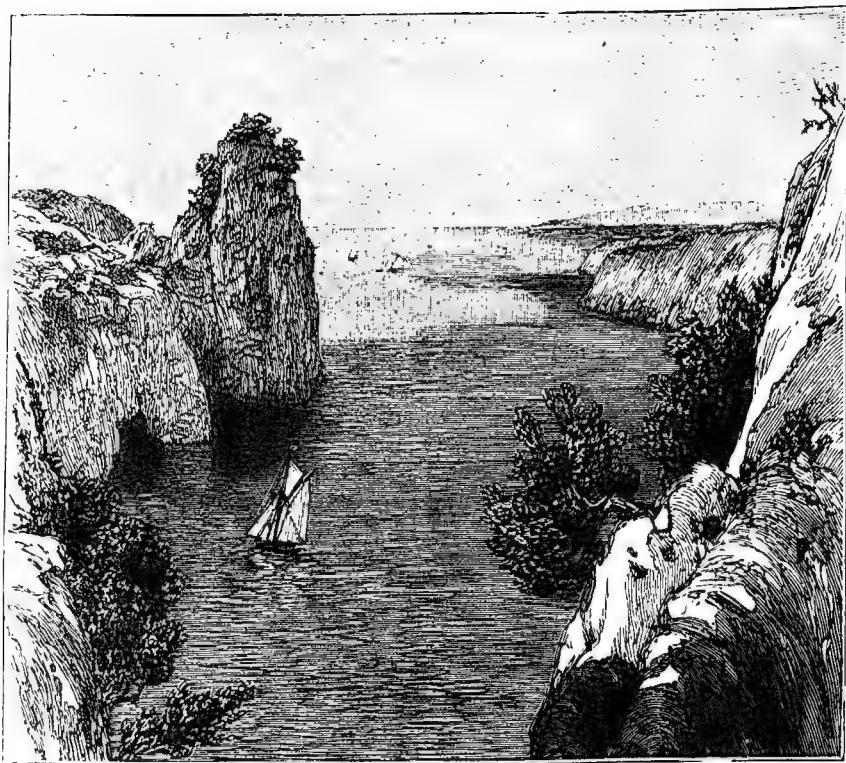
**THE NORFOLK SHOW** was a great success so far as the cattle—its principal element—is concerned, but the other exhibits—sheep and pigs—were rather disappointing in the numbers shown. The sheep, however, were of very high merit, and the pigs were fair. The heavy cattle were very good—fine animals 18 to 20 cwt. of live weight—not over-fed, but excellent commercial beef. The Show was well attended, notwithstanding very cold weather, accompanied on the second day by rain.

**THE PRICE OF FEEDING STUFFS** is now so moderate that the stock-owner finds therein some compensation for the fall in the price of wheat which has occurred since last autumn—a decline which every paying farmer has been lamenting, but of which, somehow, the retail consumers in our cities seem scarcely to have heard. Grinding barley can be bought for a guinea per qr., and very good and heavy oats at the same price. The new Russian oats, when bought in large quantity, can be had as low as 15s. per qr. Egyptian split beans are to be bought for a pound, and Canadian peas at 31s. per qr. The meal made from peas is correspondingly cheap. Wheat at an average of 31s. can be profitably mixed with other feeding stuffs, and maize at 25s. is also an useful adjunct. Cake is cheap, too, and sugar for feeding purposes is pressed on farmers' attention at wonderfully low rates.

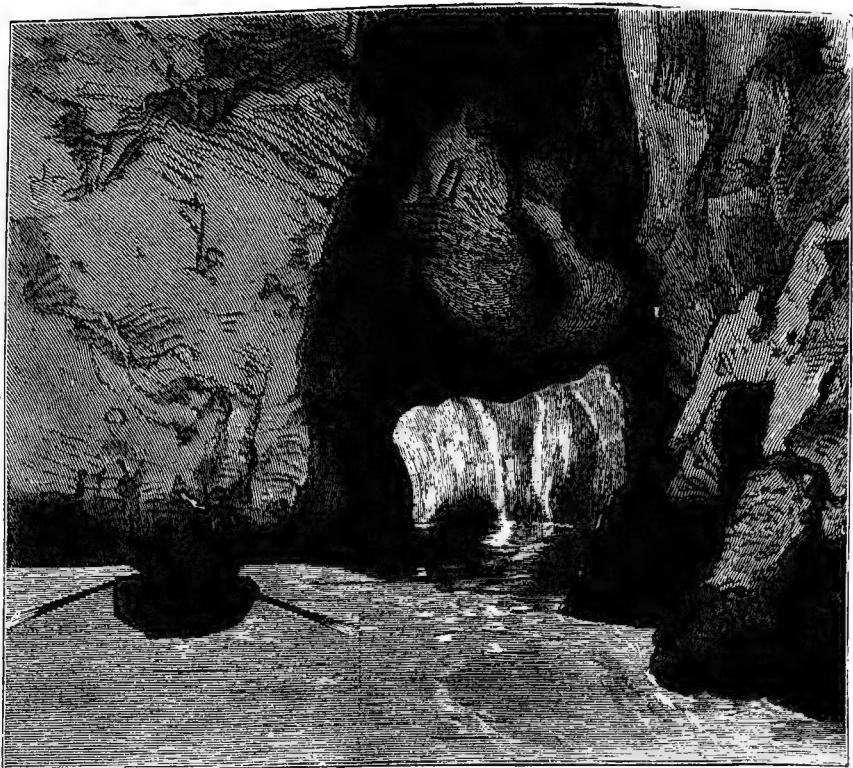
**COLONEL KINGSCOTE**, speaking at the Gloucestershire Root Show last week, said that although he knew how bad times were he did not despair. On arable land they must grow more green root crops, and breed more cattle and sheep. If they did so, and turned their stock out quickly, he believed they might make a profit. Those who lived near railway stations and had good arable land might with advantage turn their attention to dairy farming.

**MR. W. NORRIS**, speaking at the Newbury Agricultural Society's dinner, pointed out that we paid to foreigners for wheat and flour nearly 57 millions; for live and dead meat over 13½ millions, while for bacon, ham, poultry, cheese, eggs, lard, vegetables, and fruit upwards of 38 millions. Why, asked Mr. Norris, cannot at least these 38 millions be saved to the country? The future of landowners and tenants was mainly dependent on an increased home supply of the articles of food for which we now paid foreigners 38 millions.

(Continued on page 574)

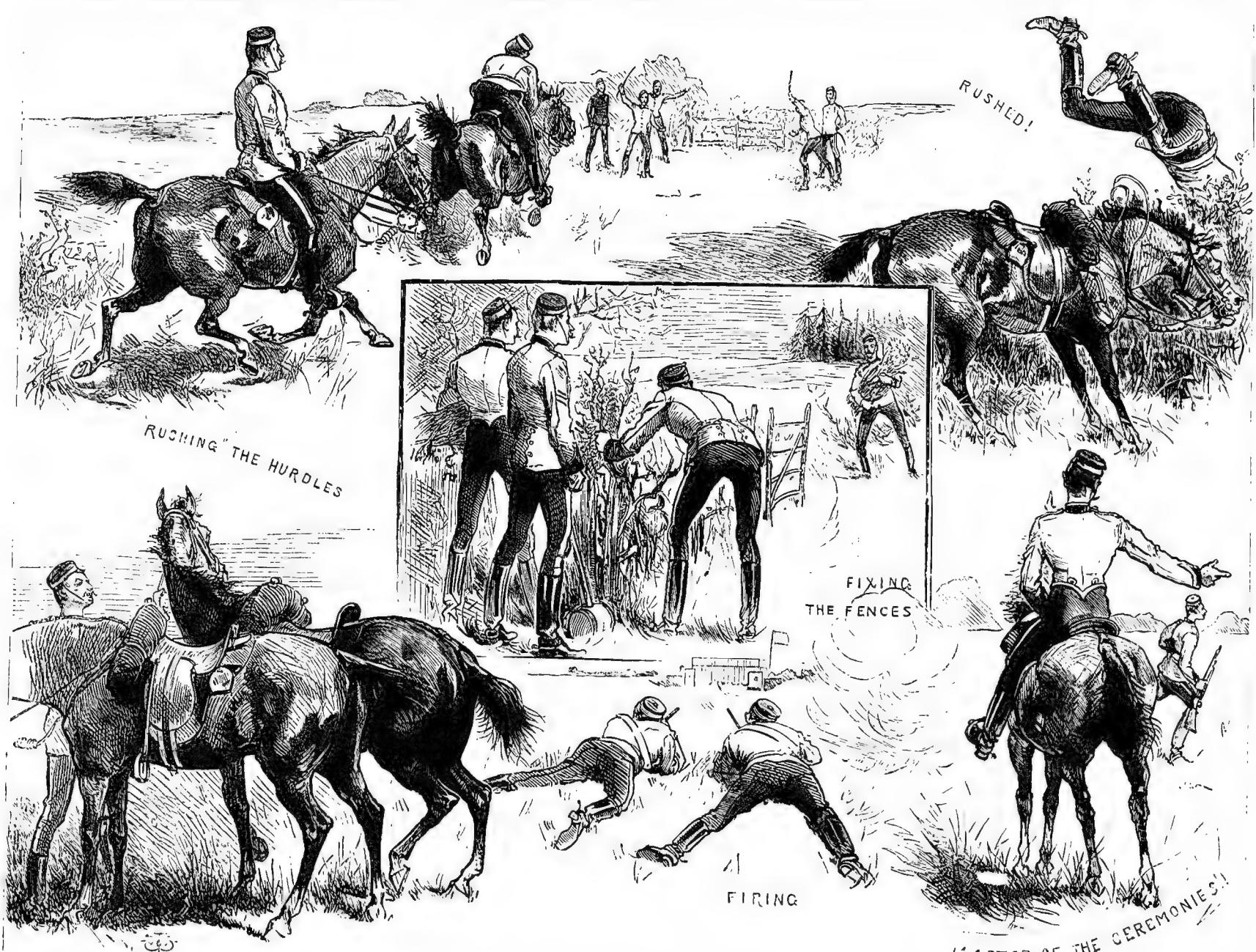


A VIEW IN THE ISLAND

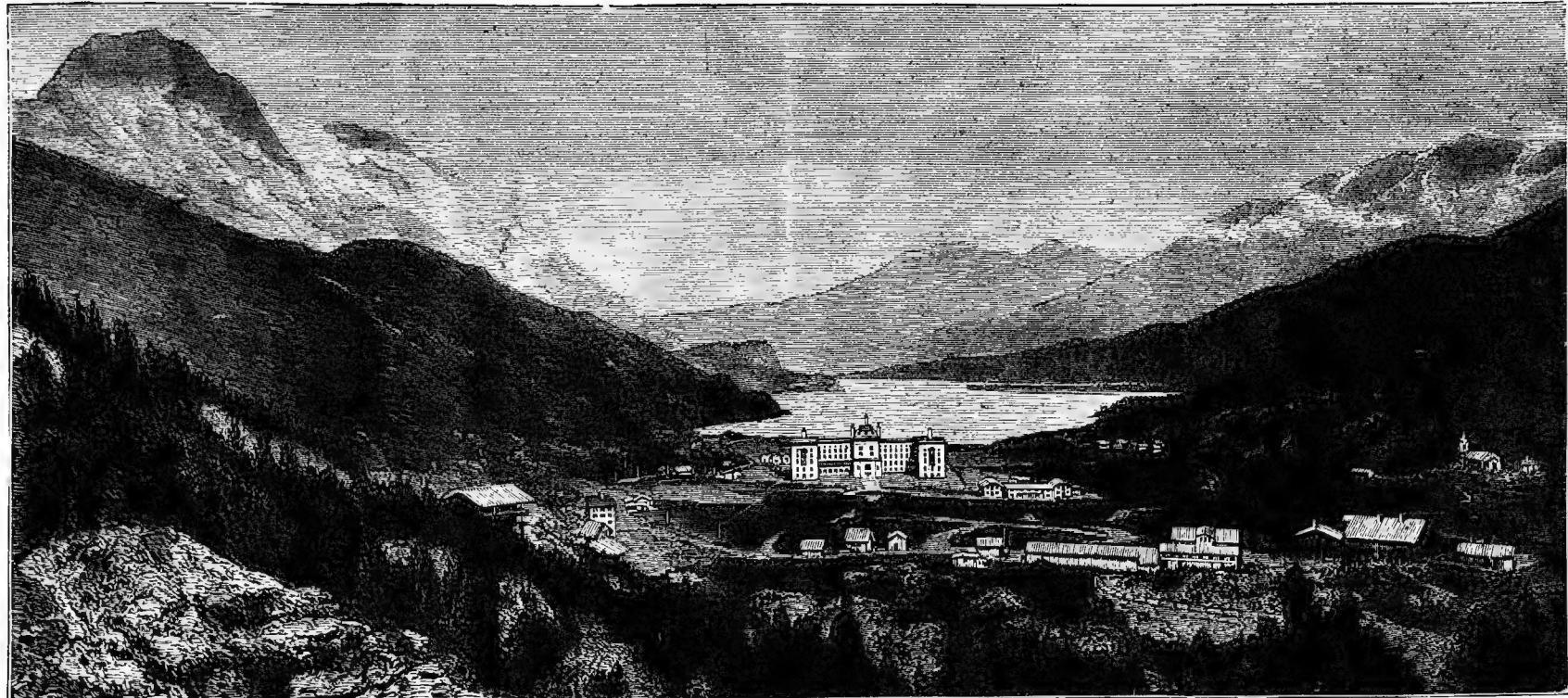


INTERIOR OF THE RECENTLY DISCOVERED BLUE GROTTO

THE ISLAND OF BUSI, NEAR LISSA. ADRIATIC SEA



PRACTISING FOR THE CAVALRY COMPETITION



THE MALOJA VALLEY, A NEW HEALTH RESORT IN THE UPPER ENGADINE, SWITZERLAND

## RECENT DISCOVERIES AT CIVITA LAVINIA

AT the annual meeting of the Archaeological Institute at Newcastle, Mr. R. P. Pullan read a paper on some interesting discoveries, the result of excavations undertaken by him conjointly with Sir John Savile Lumley, H.B.M.'s Ambassador at Rome, in the spring of this year, at Civita Lavinia, the ancient Lanuvium.

Civita Lavinia is a walled town situated on a spur of the Alban Hills. Its fortifications are for the most part mediæval, and enclose only a portion of the ancient city. Lanuvium was celebrated for a Temple of Juno Sospita. It was also the birthplace of Antoninus Pius, and of Roscius. There are many remains of antiquity in and around the town. Amongst others, the *cella* of a temple, which Sir W. Gell supposed to be that of Juno. This, however, could not have been the case, as we know from ancient writers that the temple was surrounded by a grove, and the *cella* stands on the edge of a declivity, and close to a boundary wall and road of Etrusco-Latin times. Under the houses there are remains of a theatre, where a fine statue of Claudius was discovered a few years ago. Mr. Pullan visited Civita Lavinia in 1879 with an eye to excavation, and then came to the conclusion that the Temple of Juno Sospita had stood on a plateau about a quarter of a mile to the east of the present town. In the spring of the present year he mentioned his intention to excavate to Sir J. S. Lumley, who generously offered to aid him with money and influence.

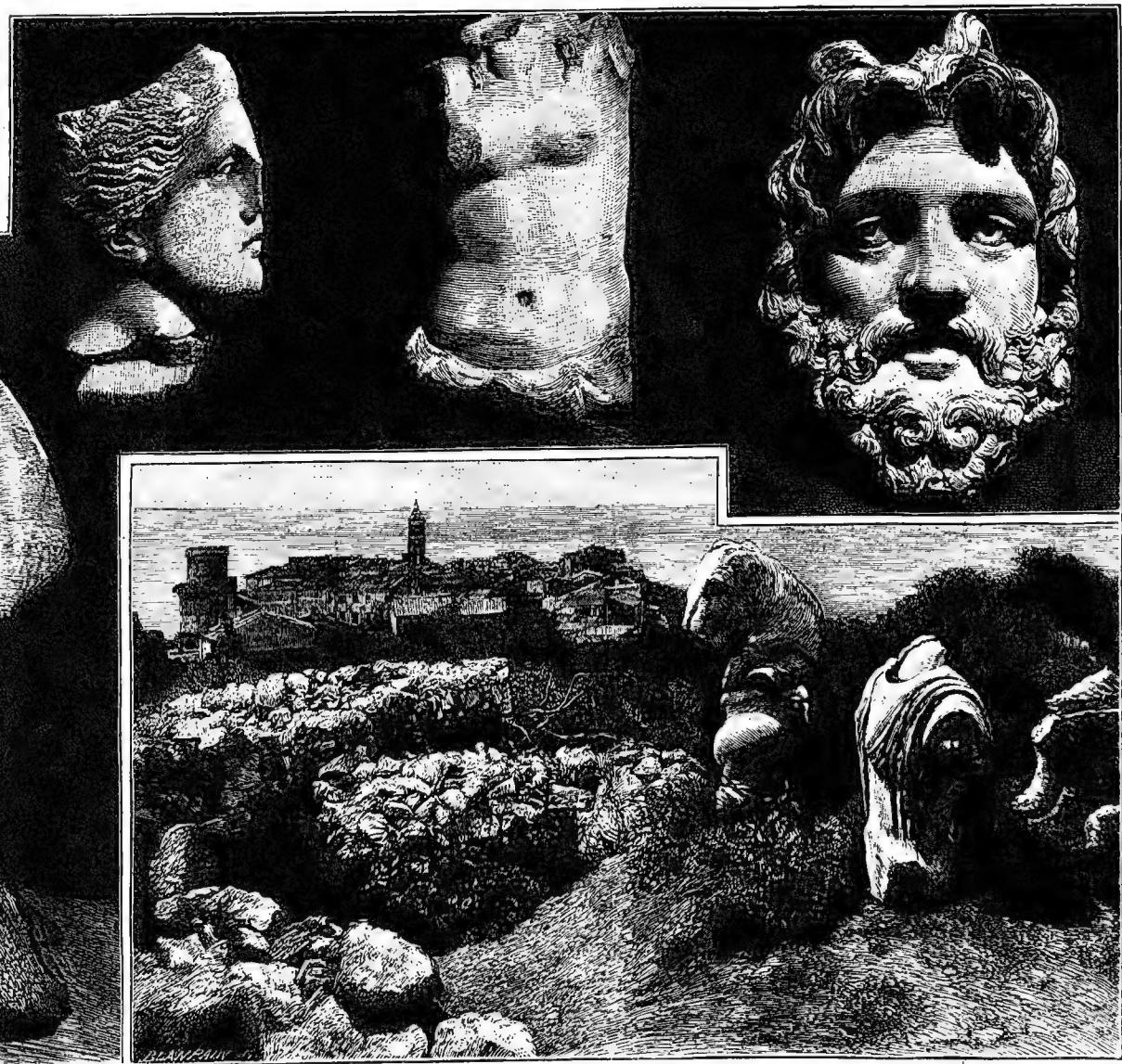
After the discovery of the wall of the *temenos* of the

temple, excavations were made on a lower level, and the result of three months' excavation was that an oblong building, surrounded by arcades, or colonnades, was exhumed. Its dimensions were 113 ft. by 41 ft. In and around it several singular pieces of sculpture were dug up.

Three horses' heads in Parian marble, life-size, were found. Mr. Pullan considers these to be either original Greek work, or the imitation of Greek work by Roman sculptors before the time of the Christian era. From the fact that subsequently the ear of a fourth horse and also the spoke of a chariot-wheel were discovered, he thinks that these were the horses of a quadriga, which stood on the summit of the building like that which was placed on the Mausoleum at Halikarnassos, in the disinterment of which he was engaged with Mr. Newton. The horses must have had bronze bits like those of the Mausoleum, as the holes in which they were fixed are still visible. The head of a female divinity—probably of one

driving the chariot—was also found. The chests and portions of the legs, tails, &c., of the horses have also been brought to light. Sir John S. Lumley intends to continue the excavations during the winter; and should he be fortunate enough to recover the remainder of the group and the quadriga itself, the discovery will be one of the most remarkable of modern times. Six torsos of Roman warriors in cuirasses, togas, and girdles were dug up in the vicinity; but they seem not to belong to the quadriga group, as they are comparatively late in date and coarse in execution.

In the accompanying illustrations are shown the site of the diggings, with Civita Lavinia and the Campagna in the distance; one of the horses' heads—which, however, does not fit the chest on which it has been placed; the head of the female divinity; the body of a Naiad found in the building, which seems to have been a nymphæum; and a head of Jupiter, found in the Villa of Caligula, near Civita, which is also in course of excavation by Sir John S. Lumley and Mr. R. P. Pullan.



DISCOVERY OF ROMAN REMAINS AT CIVITA LAVINIA (THE ANCIENT LANUVIUM), ITALY

**ACORNS.**—A well-known agriculturist writes us, "This autumn in the oak districts acorns have fallen under the trees positively in sheets, and illness and death have been busy among the cattle. I myself have lost a valuable Jersey heifer, while of a flock of sixty-two Down lambs running in my park one has died and four more are not expected to live; so sheep suffer from eating them as well as cattle. All around me there have been mishaps, so that a regular acorn scare prevails." We hear that not only in Kent, whence our correspondent writes, but also in Wiltshire, Hampshire, and Sussex quite a number of cattle have died from eating acorns. The acorns should be gathered up and fed to the pigs if it is not convenient to turn the swine out under the trees.

**THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE** have recently been listening to some sapient observations from Mr. Henry George, the author of "Progress and Poverty." Over production, said this brilliant economist, was an absurdity; the real evil was unjust distribution. Let them impose a 4s. per acre tax on land, and let this be taken from the owner, who after all was but a pensioner on the farmer. We are sorry that the Farmers' Alliance do not gain wisdom with age. This violent sort of talk might do mischief in time when landlords were prospering, but just now, when agriculture cannot be made to pay even by men farming their own land, the proposal to put a fresh duty of 4s. per acre on the possession of soil is simply ridiculous. Its only effect would be to drive capital out of agriculture into foreign speculation. Mr. George's followers put themselves beyond the boundaries of practical politics.

**ST. JAMES'S GALLERY.**—Mr. Mendoza has again furnished his gallery in King Street with a varied collection of monochrome paintings and drawings, including some of great merit. The first of importance that we meet with is a life-sized chalk study, by Mr. F. Goodall, of the naked child rolling on the floor in his Academy picture of the present year. The figure, which is much foreshortened, is designed in masterly style, and all its varied contours are finely modelled. The careful and complete nature of this artist's preliminary studies is again shown in a large cartoon of an earlier picture, "The Time of the Overflow." A charcoal drawing by Mr. J. MacWhirter, "The Wanderer," representing a desolate moor in a snowstorm, inhabited only by an aged donkey, is slightly executed, but suggestive of nature, and effective. Near it hangs a large picture, thinly painted in oil, by Mr. P. R. Morris, entitled "The Stranger Within Thy Gates." Two very little girls, strongly resembling each other, and quaintly attired in uniform costume, are seated side by side on stone steps watching the movements of a timid kitten, which is attracted by a basin of milk. The heads of the girls, though

rather inanimate, are child-like in character, and their attitudes natural. Mr. Heywood Hardy's skill in depicting animals is shown in an animated picture, "Not to be Caught with Chaff." It is well executed throughout, but is chiefly remarkable for the sound draughtsmanship and natural action of the skittish white pony which objects to have a collar put round its neck. Mr. E. Hayes has a fresh and vigorous study of "Vessels Leaving Port;" and Mr. J. Webb an oil picture of a small fishing harbour in a storm, not mentioned in the catalogue, greatly superior to anything we have seen by him.—A series of outdoor sketches of scenes in Newcastle and other places of the Tyne, by Mr. W. L. Wyllie, are noteworthy for their suggestiveness and truth of local character.—The carefully executed pen-and-ink drawings of picturesque Venetian scenes, by A. Paoletti, and the chalk studies of cattle, by E. Van Mareeke, are well worth notice.

A SERIES OF FOUR PICTURES depicting incidents of the hunting-field, and entitled "The Run of the Season," are now on view in the smaller of Messrs. Tooth's galleries in the Haymarket. They are the work of Mr. Thomas Blinks, whose skill in painting dogs has already been recognised. His horses are not quite so good as his dogs, and his men not so good as his horses. In the present works, however, men and horses hold a subordinate place, and in all of them the hounds are full of vitality, vigorous in action, and well-drawn. Every picture bears evidence of keen observation and careful study, but they are not quite of equal value, the second of the series, "Gone," being purer in tone than the rest, and more suggestive of daylight.



**THE TURF.**—It is a metaphor from the pyrotechnic art be applicable to the turf, it may be said that a magnificent bouquet of starters—nearly 500 horses—closed the racing display of the season last week at Warwick and Manchester, a fact unparalleled in the history of racing. On the Saturday at Manchester, the big handicap of the meeting was won by "Mr. Manton's" Keir, who has thus added another to the recent victories of the "Grafton scarlet," which have done so much to atone for previous bad fortune. The season has been a sensational one, if only for the dead heat in the Derby; and the unprecedented number of victories by animals of

all ages under heavy weights have given satisfactory evidence that we are still the possessors of some excellent thoroughbred horseflesh. The hurdle racing and steeplechase season proper commenced at Croydon on Tuesday last; but Croydon is only a shadow of what it was only a few years ago, and the racing was comparatively uninteresting. The chief hurdle race, with its grandiloquent appellation, was won by Phantom, the hero of last year, who only had a field of five to beat; while the equally grand-sounding Steeplechase only produced five runners, of whom Jolly Sir John proved the best at the weights.

**CRICKET.**—Further news from the Antipodes informs us that Shaw's English team has beaten an Eleven of New South Wales by four wickets; but none of Murdoch's party who visited us this year took part in the game.

**AQUATICS.**—The Colquhoun Sculls at Cambridge have been won by Pitman, the University stroke, who did the course in fastest time than has ever been recorded before, and his style and stamina are both excellent. A three-cornered arrangement has been entered into for the Championship of the World, to be rowed at Sydney; but the Australians seem more anxious to stick to the title than to give Hanlan fair play. They are running their two best men, Clifford and Beach, against the Canadian, and doubtless will spare no pains to ensure his defeat.

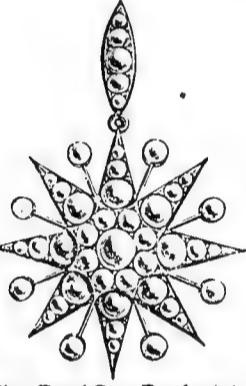
**FOOTBALL.**—In the Association Cup contest the undecided tie in the first round has been played off in favour of Dulwich St. Luke's, which has beaten the Wolverhampton Wanderers by four goals to two.—Under Association rules, at the Oval, London has beaten Oxford by four goals to three; Cambridge, Brentwood; the Blackburn Rovers, Aston; and the Bolton Wanderers, Aston Villa.—Under Rugby rules Oxford has beaten Bradford, but Bradford had a set-off in beating Cambridge; Lancashire have defeated Yorkshire; and Cambridge University Gloucestershire. The Scottish Football Association have recently enacted bye-laws which plainly lay down that a player receiving anything "over and above his reasonable expenses," even in the shape of increased wages, is a "professional;" and that any club harbouring such a player, or inducing a player to leave one club and join another, by offers of remuneration, or playing a match with any club that has previously been declared professional, becomes a professional club.

**PEDESTRIANISM.**—The twelve hours' a day "go-as-you-please" contest for the Astley Belt, &c., commenced at the Royal Aquarium on Monday last, and will not conclude till the evening of Saturday. The arrangements are in every way excellent, and large numbers of visitors are daily being attracted to the scene. At the moment of writing Littlewood (the holder of the Belt) and Rowell, the two leaders, seem more than likely to be the two best at the finish.

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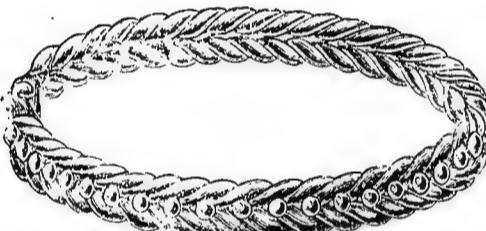
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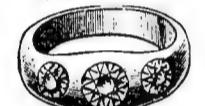
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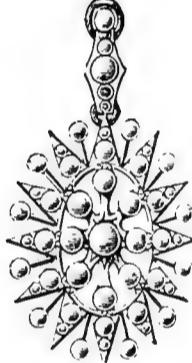
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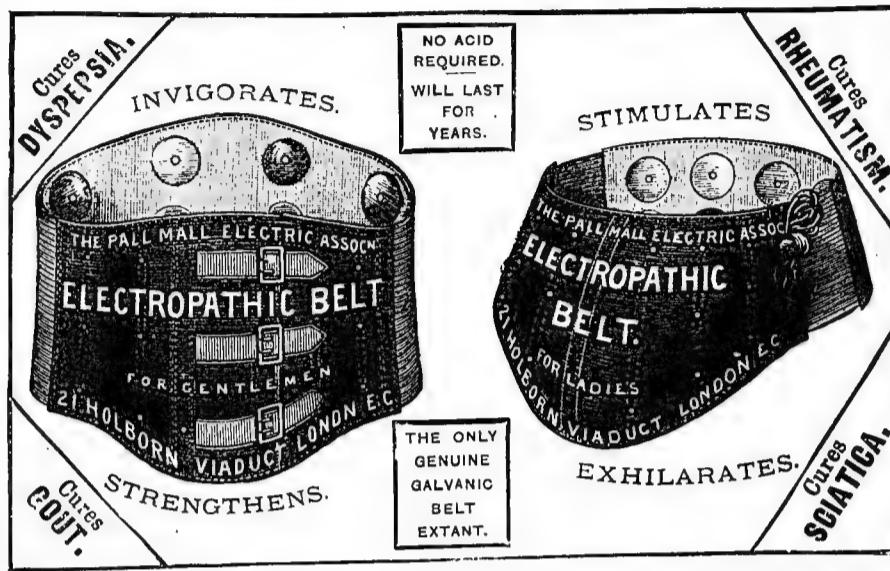
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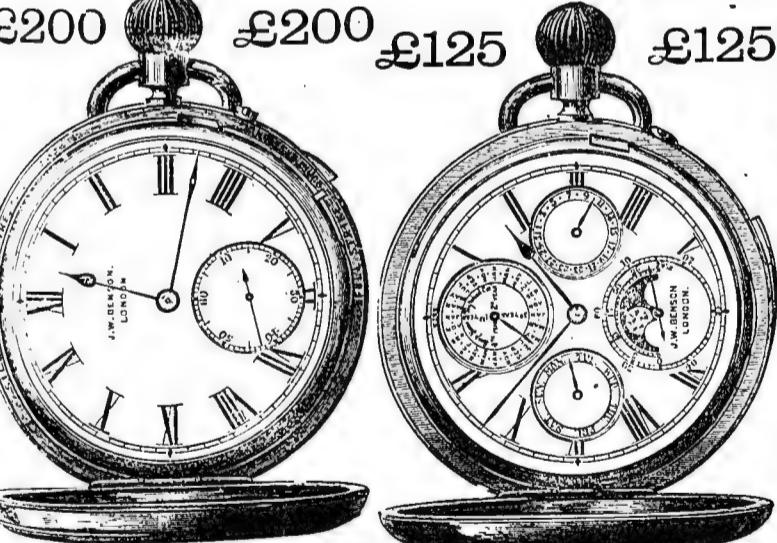


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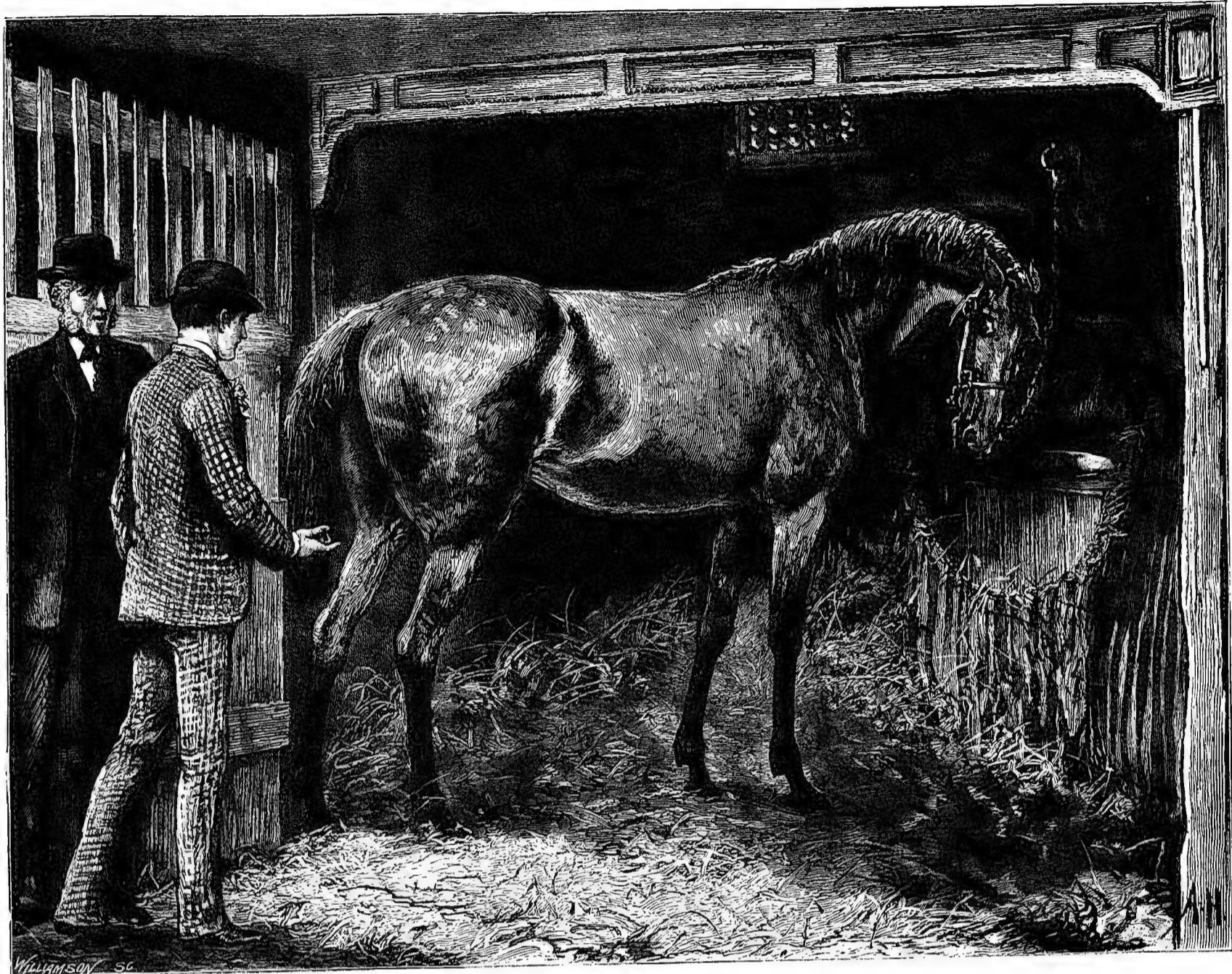
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## CHAPTER XXXIX.

## POOR OLD DANCER

THE two ladies in St. Leonard's Place were a little at cross purposes that night. Mrs. Rockingham was absorbed in the idea of receiving the bride of her son's election to-morrow morning, while Ellen, it need scarcely be said, with a lover of her own to say yea or nay to, could hardly be expected to keep a proposed sister-in-law in mind.

“It will be a terrible thing if we don't like her,” murmured Mrs. Rockingham at length.

“I wonder what Gerald will say to it,” responded Ellen, who had just awoke to the fact that her brother was head of the family, and that it behoved her to acquaint him at once with her engagement.

“Yes, it will be very awkward,” rejoined Mrs. Rockingham. “He is so masterful and hot-tempered, and yet if we don't like her it's absurd to pretend we do.”

The termination of this last remark recalled Ellen from her dreamland just as she was about indignantly to protest against Mr. Thorndyke being called hot-tempered.

“Don't worry yourself about it beforehand, mamma. We are bound to accept this girl for Gerald's sake if he insists on marrying her. In the mean time, remember, I have seen Miss Greyson, and her. In common assur: you she is quite presentable, and rather pretty. Some day, I dare say, would admire her a good deal.”

John Thorndyke was right: if Ellen loved him there was likely to be very little differing between them; the suddenness with which she had changed sides, and adopted his view with regard to Gerald's marriage, promised well for the answer she should give him to-morrow.

Mrs. Rockingham was a woman who had all her life been accustomed to lean upon some one. During her married life she had depended entirely upon her husband. At his death Gerald, while he stayed with them, had assumed the reins of government, no little to the astonishment of his self-reliant sister, but when he disappeared Ellen had, of course, stepped into his place. If Mrs. Rockingham was much astonished at Ellen's change of front, she nevertheless, after a long palaver, in which the opinion of John Thorndyke was freely quoted, perfectly acquiesced in it, and it was

decided that Dollie should be welcomed as Gerald's chosen bride when she called. Further, Ellen confided to her mother that John Thorndyke had asked her to marry him, and that before she went to bed she meant to write and tell him she was his when it pleased him to take her: all which ended, as may be supposed, in a comfortable cry, and then the two ladies retired to rest thoroughly happy.

Mrs. and Miss Rockingham were not women to do things by halves, and when Gerald and his fiancée arrived the next morning in St. Leonard's Place, they welcomed the latter with great cordiality. Dollie had come prepared, if she could, to make friends with Mrs. Rockingham, and to maintain a polite neutrality with Ellen, but the latter had completely disarmed her by the warmth of her greeting. She seized the earliest opportunity of drawing Dollie a little apart, and then said,

“I want you to let bygones be bygones. You must forgive me if, in the first instance, I did not like the idea of having you for a sister-in-law. You must make allowances for the bitterness of having lost our old home, the home of our race for the last two hundred years and more. You must remember that the Rockinghams of Cranley were wont in their pride to think themselves mates for any in the land, and that a woman's first idea would be that Gerald should restore the fortunes of his house by marriage; and lastly, bear in mind, no sister ever thought any one good enough for an only brother.”

All this said in Ellen's most winning tones was quite enough to break down the reserve in which Dollie had entrenched herself.

“Of course you didn't like it,” she replied, shyly. “I always told him you wouldn't: but then, you see, I love him.”

“Yes, and you must recollect, Dollie—I may call you so, may I not?—that I did not know in those days all you had done for him. It was you put him in the way of earning his own living—not quite the one we should have chosen, perhaps; but he is such a success, no Yorkshire girl, who belonged to him, could help being proud of him.”

“Yes, Miss Rockingham,” cried the girl, as her eyes sparkled and her cheeks flushed with triumph, “he won the Two Thousand on the wickedest colt we ever had at Riddleton.”

“He always could ride,” replied Ellen, “and I am told that you are as good as he in the hunting-field?”

“I don't mind where I follow Gerald,” observed the girl naively.

Miss Rockingham had some little difficulty in suppressing a smile as the thought flashed across her that Dollie had followed her brother to some purpose, but she wanted to become friends with her, and knew that was not a subject to jest upon at present.

“You pass a good deal of your time in York, do you not?” inquired Ellen.

“I have done so. You see I am passionately fond of music, and I also wanted to learn a good many things that girls of my station don't usually aspire to. I have been at York chiefly for masters. At Riddleton,” she continued, laughing merrily, “we only teach riding and the management of the dairy.”

Neither Gerald nor Miss Greyson made the slightest allusion to his novitiate. It was not that he cared much about its being known. It was all past and gone now, but he thought it would pain his mother and sister to learn that he had passed some little time as a stable-boy. At present they never questioned but what he had been requested as a particular favour to ride in the Two Thousand Guineas in consequence of his prowess with the York and Ainstey, and then, at Dollie's suggestion, had adopted it as a profession. After a short talk with Gerald, Mrs. Rockingham, who has been agreeably surprised at the appearance of her future daughter-in-law, comes across to improve her acquaintance with Dollie, and thereby occasions a change of partners.

“Well, Nell,” said Gerald, as his sister took a chair beside him, “I hope you will get on with my wife.”

“I think so,” replied Ellen, “at all events we have one point in common, to wit, our love for your precious self. But, Gerald, how long are you going to stay with us?”

“I must leave this afternoon. I have some business at Riddleton. I want to see old Greyson about, and then I must hurry back to Newmarket. I had great trouble to snatch these two days as it was. I should soon lose my business if I didn't attend to it, and you know it is the height of the racing season.”

“I have something to tell you before you go,” said Miss Rockingham, speaking slowly. “Yesterday, after you left, Mr. Thorndyke asked me to marry him. I asked for a few hours to think over my answer, and this morning I wrote to say I would.”

“And now you come to me as head of the family, Nell, to ask

my consent," exclaimed Gerald, laughing. "My dear sister, you have my heartiest congratulations. Thorndyke seems, from the little I have seen of him, a right good sort, and, at all events, he won't be ashamed of his brother-in-law, Jim Forrest."

"Ah, Gerald," replied Ellen, as she yielded both her hands to his brotherly clasp, "you must make allowances for my old-fashioned prejudices. If I have overcome in some measure the creed in which I was brought up, it is due to Mr. Thorndyke's teaching."

"Ah, you've learnt at last that the world can get on without Rockinghams. Yes; it's a sad thing to say in these days of high education, but I owe my present comfortable position and income not to Harrow and Cambridge, but to the accident of being of small stature, and to the teaching of old Western, the studgroom at Cranley. By the way, I suppose you know the old place is to be sold in September?"

"No; of course I knew it must be, but had not heard when it was to take place. It really makes no difference, and yet somehow, Gerald, it will seem a wrench. You have no idea, I suppose, who will buy it?"

"No; we have failed to find a purchaser for it. To be disposed of by public auction is its fate now."

"You will be up here for the races this time, I suppose?" said Ellen, inquiringly.

"Yes. I made the mistake last year of being ashamed of my trade. I shall not fall into it again. As luck would have it, no harm was done; but it is much too risky an experiment to repeat. Besides, my *incognito* is at an end."

"Yes. And, Gerald dear, I'll own to very mixed feelings about it. I am half-proud, half-ashamed, and mamma is much the same—proud of your skill in the saddle, but a little sore that a Rockingham should be riding for hire."

"Nonsense, Nell; one might as well be a jockey as a cab proprietor, and two or three of the nobility are in that line. But it's time I was going. Good-bye; good-bye, mother. You'll come to the station and see me off, Dolly?"

"It's nothing near as bad as I feared," said Mrs. Rockingham, as the door closed behind her son and his intended. "The girl is well enough, and would pass muster anywhere, but the connection is awkward."

"I don't suppose we shall be expected to see anything of Mr. William Greyson," replied Ellen, rather loftily. "We accept Gerald's wife, but we are not called upon to swallow her family. I told Gerald I was going to be married, mamma."

"And he?"

"Congratulated me as heartily as a man immersed in his own love affairs can be expected to do," replied Ellen.

Gerald was rather silent on his way to the station. He was turning over in his mind two rather important suggestions that had been made to him during his present flying visit to York. One was that of Mr. Writson, namely, that he should endeavour to get Lord Whitby to exercise some pressure on Cuthbert Elliston with regard to those promissory notes. That the consensus of public opinion was more likely to bring a man situated like Elliston to terms than legal measures the old lawyer knew well, to say nothing of there being no legal measures possible in this case. Gerald knew he could depend upon Writson's opinion, and though his distaste for invoking foreign aid in his family affairs was such that had it only concerned himself he would have undoubtedly let the whole matter go, still he recognised that it behoved him to recover as much of the money as he could for his mother and sister. Secondly, there was Dolly's idea that a big race might be got out of "the Dancer," and it was to sound Bill Greyson on that point that he was now going to Riddleton.

"Good bye, dearest," he said, as the train glided into the station. "You will see me again in a few weeks, for I mean to gratify your curiosity and ride at York this time."

"Mind you do, and win," replied Dolly, with a bright little nod of adieu. "Give father and mother my love, and don't forget to write."

As he sped on his way to Riddleton Gerald's mind was busy revolving what *coup* on earth it was possible to pull off with the Dancing Master. He believed implicitly that when the brute chose to try he was a very great horse, that he not only had a tremendous turn of speed, but, what rarely goes with it, great lasting capabilities. Gerald was bent upon playing for a big stake, and it grew upon him more and more as he travelled on that this queer-tempered iron-grey four-year-old was the instrument for his purpose. It was quite true that no more dangerous horse to place your money on could be found, as Sir Marmaduke had discovered to his cost in the Hunt Cup at Ascot, and Gerald was quite aware of what the Dancing Master had once or twice done with Pibroch and Bushranger on the training-ground to justify that plunging on the Baronet's part. Had the horse in the race run within 7 lb. of his home performance he would have won easily, but then, again, that little infirmity that wrecks both men and horses intervened, and his "beastly temper" led to his discomfiture. Still, this was just the animal to "go for the gloves" on. What may be termed his criminal record was so bad that he was sure to be allotted a very light weight in any handicap he might be now entered for, and the Ring would be bound to field strongly against a horse whose irritable temperament was so well known, and who had had already on more than one occasion proved so staunch a friend to them. The immediate question naturally was, What did Bill Greyson mean to do with the Dancing Master, now, according to Dolly, returned to him to do with as he willed? It was not likely the trainer would give up all hope concerning him as yet, more especially when it was borne in mind that he had been an amazingly profitable horse to Mr. Bill Greyson, and might still, with judicious handling, be sold to considerable advantage.

Gerald was little nonplussed on arriving at the Moor Farm with his reception. The trainer seemed very pleased to see him, but welcomed him hot in hand, and as "Mr. Rockingham."

"Very glad, indeed, to see you, sir. The late Squire was a liberal master to me at one time, and it was not altogether my fault that he took his horses away from Riddleton. But what will you do, Mr. Rockingham? Will you walk through the stables first, and then have some lunch, or will you have something to eat at once?"

"Thanks, Greyson. I am very much pressed for time, so if you will let me, I'll have something to eat first, and I can talk to you at the same time. Dolly tells me you have got the Dancer back upon your hands."

"Yes; Sir Marmaduke got such a sickener over the Hunt Cup that he sent the horse back the following week," replied the trainer sententiously. "It was enough to make him; but you rode in the race, sir, and know all about it."

"Yes, and I did think it was going to be his day. I thought Blackton had us all safe, when the Dancer suddenly shut up, without rhyme or reason."

"Yes; he'll never get a better chance, and it's hopeless to train him. He's been a good horse to me, but I don't think any one else will ever get a turn out of him."

"What do you mean to do with him?" inquired Gerald.

"Sell him the very first opportunity, and with a view to that I shall enter him for the two big back end handicaps. After his exhibition at Ascot he is safe to be thrown in, and he may catch somebody's fancy who wants to go for a big stake without very much risk. As I said before, he's been a good horse to me, but I don't trust him again."

Curious—"a big stake without very much risk!" Was not this

the very chance Gerald was seeking, and two very good judges had foreseen that the Dancing Master was a possible medium through which that desirable consummation might be achieved. Sir Marmaduke, in the first instance, had hit off what Gerald began to believe was the necessary combination when he had leased the horse with a view to winning the Leger; to wit, that the Dancing Master would run honest in his, Gerald's, hands, and no one else's. Now Greyson saw a great opportunity in either the Cesarewitch or Cambridgeshire, but it was strange to say that it was essential Gerald should ride did not seem to have occurred to the astute trainer. But the idea was rapidly spreading through Gerald's mind that this might really be so, and what in his hands the horse might once more do his best, and carry off another big race.

"There are worse speculations about than that," he said, at length, "and it won't signify however light the weight they put upon him. He has got such a name as a bad-tempered coward, that nothing but an enormous outlay of money will ever make him a strong favourite. The public have lost faith in him."

"And so has the owner and trainer," said Greyson, laughing.

"Would you like to see him, sir?"

"Yes, by all means. I wonder whether he'll remember me?"

"I'll pound it he will. They've wonderful memories, have horses, and strong likes and dislikes. I'd a line from Pipes," continued the trainer, as he led the way towards the stables to the left of the house, "when he sent the Dancer back, 'Put up who you like on him,' he wrote, 'but never Blackton; the horse can't bear him, and has tried to savage him more than once. If Sir Marmaduke would give him another chance I should advise another jockey.'

As Greyson opened the door of his box the Dancing Master turned his head, cast a sinister glance at the new comers as though recommending them to keep themselves to themselves as far as he was concerned, and then resumed some apparently elaborate researches in his manger. The horse certainly took no notice of Gerald, but no sooner did it hear his whisper of "Poor old Dancer," than it turned its head sharply with a short grunt of satisfaction, and unmistakably gazed wistfully towards the corner from which the voice had come.

"Up to him, sir; only be careful," said the trainer.

Gerald walked boldly up to the horse's head, once more whispering "Poor old Dancer!" as he did so. The grey laid back his ears viciously as he approached, but upon hearing his voice the second time apparently changed his mind, and rubbed his black muzzle against his visitor's waistcoat when he reached his shoulder.

"Well, sir," said the trainer, no little astonished; "I never saw him do that before to any one. Did he ever to you when you looked after him?"

"Yes, but only now and then. Still, he always seemed to take notice when I talked to him; though," added Gerald, laughing, "he didn't take much heed of what I said. He looks well."

"He's always well," returned Greyson; "never been sick nor sorry yet. I wish some of the others had his constitution. Now, here's Caterham," he exclaimed, as he threw open the door of an adjoining box, "a clipper, but as delicate a horse as ever I trained. We couldn't make anything of him last autumn; but he's wonderfully well now, and should do your cousin, Mr. Elliston, a rare turn whenever his time comes."

"Which will be about October, I suppose," said Gerald.

"I can't say, sir. Mr. Elliston is not communicative, nor are his orders open secrets even when I get them."

Gerald took the hint, and asked no further questions. He strolled carelessly through the stables, and honestly complimented the trainer upon the blooming condition of more than one of his charges. As they walked back to the house he said carelessly, "I suppose you'll keep the Dancer in strong work?"

"I shall train him so that he can be easily wound up for either the Cesarewitch or Cambridgeshire, if any one wants to buy him with a view to those handicaps; but as my horse he'll start for neither."

"Well, Greyson, thanks very much. The nags, take 'em all round, look wonderfully well; and now I must be off. I shall hardly catch the train as it is."

"Oh, yes, you will, sir. My trap's at the door, and you've a good five minutes in hand."

"Good-bye. Kind regards to Mrs. Greyson, and say how sorry I am to have missed her," said Gerald, as he leaped into the dog-cart.

## CHAPTER XL.

### CRANLEY GOES TO THE HAMMER

THE weeks slipped by since Gerald's return to Newmarket, and as yet he had had no opportunity of unburthening himself to Lord Whitby, and ascertaining whether the Peer would exercise such social pressure as lay at his command to compel Cuthbert Elliston to restore some of the money which he had borrowed from Alister Rockingham. Lord Whitby, indeed, had only attended one race meeting of late, and that was Goodwood, where Gerald had no opportunity of speaking to him in private. York Races had come round again, and Lord Whitby had announced his intention of being there to see his horses run, and then, perhaps, Gerald might find the desired opportunity. The Peer was in rare good humour; the year had been a succession of triumphs so far. The Great Yorkshire Stakes and sundry other valuable prizes at Doncaster and Newmarket were apparently at his mercy, and he bid fair to be returned at the head of the poll when the return of the principal winners of the season should be issued. York race week, too, was to see the irrevocable sale of Cranley, and Gerald reflected ruefully that though he had thought his *coup* out, and was quite determined to play for it; yet, if it came off, it would be too late to save "The Chase." He had resolved, if he could, to try and win the Cambridgeshire with the Dancing Master, arguing that no weight there was any probability of his being allotted could prevent him if only the horse chose to do his best. Still, this experiment could not be tried till the end of October, and the lands of the Rockinghams were to come to the hammer in August. Gerald could see no possibility of saving the home of his ancestors. Men to advance money on the possibility of a big race coming off in one's favour are not to be met with; and that was about the sum total of security that Gerald could proffer for such a sum as would enable him to redeem Cranley Chase.

What Greyson might want for the Dancing Master was a thing that Gerald had never troubled himself to consider. It was no part of his scheme to buy the horse; he considered that such money as he could spare he should want for betting purposes, and that he would be able to induce the trainer to run him in consideration of being put on to win a comfortable stake. Gerald's idea was to back the horse very quietly and gradually as soon as betting began about the Cambridgeshire, but not to disclose his plan to Greyson until he had got the best part of the sum he meant to speculate with duly invested. The one flaw in his scheme was this: there was always the possibility of some one buying the Dancing Master on the same speculation, and not caring particularly about "Jim Forrest's" riding for him, and it was quite part of Gerald's belief that nobody but himself could induce the horse to do his best. He was young, and who shall blame him if his head was just a little turned by success? Besides, had not his late employer, Sir Marmaduke, taken the same view of the case, and was not Sir Marmaduke accounted exceedingly wise among the younger generation of turfites?

Gerald went up to York, as in duty bound, with slightly mingled feelings. He had schooled himself to drop all false pride about his

profession by this, but he did feel seriously anxious to acquit himself with distinction on what might be termed his own dung-hill. Half the people on the Knavesmire, he was aware, would know that "Jim Forrest" was young Rockingham. Besides, would not the lady of his love be there to see, and it would never do to go down in the lists before all this goodly company. He was to ride, moreover, a red-hot favourite for the Yorkshire Stakes belonging to Lord Whitby, which the prophets declared to a man could not lose, and of the mendacious utterances of racing there Gerald by this had seen something. When the prophets are in unison there is more often trouble in store for the favourite than not. Then again, the sale of the Cranley estates was to take place that week, which would call additional attention to the last sale of the Rockinghams. He had, of course, quite made up his mind to all this, but it was nevertheless a little trying up in his "man-country." However, he consoled himself with the reflection that everybody knew his story now, and as for nerve,—well, it had never failed him on a racecourse yet.

But Gerald was destined to hear a bit of news on his arrival in York that roused his ire not a little, and determined him to lose no time in bringing any pressure he could command to bear upon Cuthbert Elliston. He was having his dinner quietly in the dining room of Harker's Hotel when his attention was attracted by hearing his own name mentioned by one of two individuals who were dining in the adjoining box.

"Yes," continued the speaker, "he was a rare sportsman, was poor Squire Rockingham, and carried on the game merrily. He was a bold bettor, too, terrible bold, but the King outstayed him, as they always do when men dash it down as he did."

"Ah, all Cranley's to come to the hammer; there's a nice bit of grazing land. I mean to have it if it goes reasonable. Let me here you are," and the speaker evidently referred to a sale catalogue.

"I wonder who'll buy the Chase itself," said the first speaker.

"Well, it's a bit of a secret, so you must not go gabbling about the city; but Lawyer Pearson always manages what business I have. I consulted him about this bit of land I want to buy on Friday. Now I chance to have a nephew in the office, and I often have a chat with him, and we got talking over the big Cranley sale. He told me they had three or four commissions to buy at a price, and one, he said, from the family."

"Ah, that'd be for the Chase. I'll be main glad if the Rockinghams can contrive to keep the Chase, and so'll many another."

"Oh, but this chap isn't a Rockingham exactly. He's one of the family, no doubt, but one the country side don't care much about. Yorkshire was no better for Cuthbert Elliston's winning the Leger, nor the poor Squire either that ever I heard."

"No; I don't think folk will be much pleased at Mr. Elliston taking Alister Rockingham's place."

"No; he's a cross-bred'un, that Elliston. In the days the poor Squire had winners, half Yorkshire was in the swim, but Mr. Elliston and Pearson always eat their own cake, and don't want any one to help them."

And then the speakers dismissed the Cranley sale from their conversation, and became immersed in elaborate calculations about weights and previous performances, all bearing more or less on the forthcoming week's racing.

Gerald drew his breath hard as he listened to the above. What! Cuthbert Elliston, his detested cousin, master of the Chase! Could Heaven look calmly down upon such iniquity? The man who had robbed his father settling down in that much-loved home upon the proceeds of his frauds seemed to Gerald too monstrous. It mattered little who had the Chase, but any one rather than Cuthbert Elliston. Nothing would grate upon the feelings of him and his more than the idea of his cousin installed at the Chase. If he could prevent that, he would at any cost, but the question was, could he? He was in no position to bid against Cuthbert for its possession, and if his cousin could afford to buy it, who was to prevent him? He must see Writson to-morrow before the racing began, and even as the idea passed through his mind it was almost effaced by the rapid afterthought, what was the good of seeing Writson. Then he resolved to go to bed betimes, and see Lord Whitby the first thing next morning. If that nobleman chose to help him, he might at all events prevent Elliston buying the Chase.

True to his resolution Gerald presented himself at the Black Swan the next morning, and sent up his name to Lord Whitby, with a request that he would see him for a few minutes. It rather annoyed Gerald to find that he attracted not a little attention among the servants and loungers, but he had made up his mind that must be. His story was, of course, public property now, and there were plenty of people in York who knew young Rockingham by sight, as well as many more who as racegoers were familiar with the features of Jim Forrest the jockey. However, a few minutes, and a waiter requests him to step upstairs, and ushers him into a sitting-room, where he finds Lord Whitby lounging over the *aperitif* of his breakfast.

"Sit down, Mr. Rockingham," said that nobleman, greeting him with that rather studied politeness which was one of his most marked attributes, until such time as circumstances stirred the tempest of his wrath, when his language was apt to be more forcible than polished. "I am afraid this sale must grate upon your feelings rather, but you have no doubt made up your mind to it as inevitable."

"Yes, my lord," replied Gerald, who never permitted himself to forget that he was speaking to his employer; "but I have heard a bit of news about it that has annoyed me much since I have been in York, and that is that my cousin, Cuthbert Elliston, contemplates buying my old home."

"I don't think the neighbourhood will welcome him very cordially as the successor of Alister Rockingham," replied Lord Whitby, contemptuously. "Your cousin is neither popular nor in very good odour amongst the *gentlemen* on the turf. I don't think much of Mr. Elliston; in fact, sir, I consider him a d—d scoundrel," concluded the peer, who detested the man, and had been rather outspoken concerning some of his more questionable practices.

"You can't think worse of him, my lord, than I do," replied Gerald. "He had a principal share in my father's ruin. Since I have been a jockey I have heard the story of Phaeton's Leger. I hold at the present moment a sheaf of his bills which my poor father had to meet representing several thousand pounds, and which he has the audacity to wish to compound for one, knowing how we have been left. I know, moreover, on more than one occasion, that his manoeuvring with the horses almost compromised my father's honour. Greyson told me the other day that it was not altogether his fault that my father left him. Not altogether, no! It was because he was weak enough to follow Cuthbert Elliston's orders."

"You're right, Rockingham, by heaven you are," exclaimed the Peer passionately. "That's the whole story of your father's death and ruin, for it was the utter smash that broke his heart at last. No! Sooner than that d—d black-hearted thief should step into his shoes I'll buy the Chase myself. I don't want it, but," and here the speaker launched a mighty torrent of execrations which culminated in the peroration that "a white-livered skunk should never have it."

But at last the choleric nobleman calmed down, and made Gerald tell him all about the bills, and Cuthbert Elliston's conduct concerning them; even the bitter advice Elliston had tendered just

after Alister Rockingham's funeral Lord Whitby managed to draw from the young fellow.

"Did he know who you were when you rode his horse in the Two Thousand last year?"

"No; but of course he recognised me as soon as I had won, and immediately gave orders that I was to be sent away from Riddleton. That is the sole guerdon I received at his hands for my success."

"Ah, I fancy he didn't profit much by it, and that probably he would have been just as well pleased if you hadn't won."

"At all events he's repented once of his advice; when I beat him on Sir Marmaduke's horse for the Goodwood Stakes last year I know it was a costly race for him."

"Well, Rockingham, I'll do the best I can for you, but rest assured of one thing, Cuthbert Elliston shall never reign at Cranley. Just write me down your solicitor's address."

Gerald did so, and then thanked his lordship and departed gaily. It was the presage of a most successful week. He not only brought off the Great Yorkshire Stakes successfully for his employer, but never rode more brilliantly, and carried off some four or five minor stakes to boot. In one instance his triumph was notably due to his fine horsemanship.

But if it was a successful week for Gerald it was a most disastrous one for Elliston. Riddleton rather laid itself out for handicaps, and had certainly flattered itself that some two or three of these races lay at its mercy when it saw the weights allotted to its representatives. But the stable was dead out of luck, and failed upon each occasion to achieve the expected victory. Even the cautious Sam Pearson looked glum as he saw the accumulation of figures on the debit scale of his betting-book, while as for Elliston, who had looked forward to his week's winnings to materially assist him towards the purchase of the Chase, he could not control his ill-humour, which a communication from Pearson did not tend to mitigate.

Whether under the circumstances Elliston would have persisted in his mad design is open to question, but a visit Mr. Writson paid Pearson on the Wednesday morning effectually settled Mr. Elliston's pretensions in the matter. Writson said he was instructed by Lord Whitby to let Mr. Elliston know through his solicitor that as an old friend of Alister Rockingham's he intended to exercise all the social pressure he could bring to bear to wring from Elliston the sum he was still in honour indebted to the Rockingham family. "Further," continued Pearson, "I was clearly given to understand that if you attempted to bid for the Chase the story would be widely spread through York that you were buying the house with the money the Squire had lent you, and that, moreover, you would have to encounter a pretty stiff opposition to boot."

"That means that old Whitby will bid against me, I suppose," interrupted Elliston roughly. "It's useless to measure purses with him, or else it's little I care for his threats in the other direction."

Bu Cuthbert Elliston knew that he lied when he said this, and so did his comrade and partner, Pearson. Elliston's reputation was too shady to risk a row with such a relentless and powerful opponent as Lord Whitby, and so it came to pass that when the Chase was brought to the hammer it pleased that wealthy and eccentric nobleman, in high good humour with his York victories, to buy it, with no very clear idea of what he was to do with it after he had got it.

(To be continued)



MR. GEORGE MOORE'S "A Mummer's Wife" (1 vol.: Vizetelly and Co.) holds, at present, a unique position among English novels. It is the first thorough-going attempt, at any rate of importance, to carry out the principles of realism in fiction to their final, and possibly their only logical, result. He also appears to hold the kindred doctrine—that vice and sin are best attacked by being exposed in all their loathsome deformity. It would be dead against the principles consistently maintained in this column were we to agree with either his artistic or his ethical motive. Absolute and uncompromising realism invariably results in giving a false impression of what it aims at minutely and faithfully portraying, and photographs of vice are more apt to gratify morbid tastes than to serve any useful end. Regarding Mr. George Moore as intentionally representing a school to which we are opposed, root and branch, we must nevertheless bear witness, however unwillingly, to the remarkable fidelity and ability with which his work is done. The character he has selected for study, or rather for dissection, is a woman whose existence is a sort of unconscious death until it becomes life under conditions that can only mean evil to a blind heart and an empty mind. Mr. Moore minutely follows her through every stage of moral ruin, making a particular study of dipsomania down to its smallest detail. Even more repulsive is the result of the microscope he has brought to bear upon her first husband's asthma, from which—we speak without exaggeration—no symptom or bedside experience, however minute, is omitted. These things, as well as the manners and customs of the corps de ballet, and the peculiarities, physical, mental, and moral, of all his characters, speak volumes for his powers of observation. His skill in construction is likewise shown by the manner in which every detail of every episode fits into the entire picture. The chief executive fault of the work is its no doubt inevitable monotony. Where all things are equally developed, relief and climax are out of the question. Mr. Moore's monotone is one of gloom and misery; and a sharpness of wit, displayed in phrases that amount to epigrams, are the nearest substitute for the much-needed leaven of humour. For one quality Mr. Moore cannot be too highly praised. Right or wrong in his theories, he unquestionably holds them in earnest. "A Mummer's Wife" is anything but a piece of ordinary novel manufacture. It comprises the results of close and elaborate observation, of artistic and of a conscientious effort to make the very best and utmost of his materials. For these reasons alone, failure was well nigh impossible; and "A Mummer's Wife" is a conspicuous success of its kind. Indeed it is almost as successful as it is disagreeable—which is saying a great deal. It appeals to no sort of sympathy: the author does not even condescend from his undiluted realism to make the appeal. But as a professor of morbid anatomy he takes high rank, and he would take higher, if he had the sense of humour which teaches the true proportions between the great and the small, and the lack of which is the most fatal weakness of the French school of fiction to which he evidently belongs.

Miss Jessie Fothergill, in "Peril" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), maintains a fair level of merit, without reaching that of her original promise. The motive of her new story is the now fifty times told subject of the *Maitre de Forges*, in which a wife does not discover her husband's worth till it is apparently too late, or her love for him until she has forfeited his for her. The resemblance is at any rate sufficiently great to be noteworthy. We suppose that there is a fashion in plots as well as in other matters, and that authors look upon the fact that a particular theme has already been found popular as a reason for using it instead of a reason for avoiding it. No doubt we shall have many more Ironmasters, and, equally no doubt, "Peril" will hold a very respectable rank among them.

The weakest portion is the *dénouement*, based upon a vapid and singularly undramatic reconciliation between the wife and the husband—almost any would have been better than that which Miss Fothergill has chosen. Up to what ought to have been the climax, the good points are many. There is, for example, an excellent account of a manufacturing town under the pseudonym of Darkford, and there are many bits of bright description.

Mr. Berwick Harwood's tales, of which the principal is "Ralph Raeburn" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), call for little mention. Evidently only scant pains have been spent upon their production, in point of either matter or style. The last is often slovenly in the extreme, and of a sort to make the ordinary reader stare. We presume that the several tales have already done duty elsewhere, and in that case they might have been left to rest upon whatever laurels they obtained. "Ralph Raeburn" itself, in the matter of faulty construction and total lack of point and interest, is well nigh a model of what that difficult form of art, a short story, ought not to be. Of course so many tales as those contained in these three volumes are of unequal merit, and a smaller and more discriminating selection would probably have made a sufficiently entertaining single volume.



MESSRS. CHAPMAN AND HALL have just published the second number of their series of Military Biographies, "Loudon," by Colonel Malleson, C.S.I. To the average Englishman, Loudon is known principally from the perusal of Macaulay's essay on "Frederick the Great." Here, it is made plain, not only that he was one of the most remarkable of the military men of the eighteenth century; but also that the cautious daring of his public career was combined with a singular modesty and reticence in private life. The interest of the book is enhanced by the fact that Loudon came of a Scotch family, one of whose sons settled in Livonia. He at one time offered his services to the Great Frederick, who repented probably of his refusal to employ his subsequent foe. He gave expression to his respect for the Austrian General three times; "Once at Liegnitz, when Loudon showed him how to retire in the presence of a superior enemy; a second time at Mährisch-Neustadt, when he begged him in words which expressed his real feeling to take a seat beside him; a third time at the same place, when talking over the events of the war, then a thing of the past, with his generals, he exclaimed, 'We all of us made mistakes except my brother Henry and Loudon.'" To those who are fond of historical narrative, we take it that Colonel Malleson's "Loudon" will prove a fascinating work, more especially as the ground is fresher than that trodden by Colonel Brackenbury in his life of "Frederick the Great."

Another valuable book published by the same firm is "The Armies of the Native States of India," which is reprinted by permission from the well-known letters in the *Times*. It is undoubtedly true that one of the most pressing of the problems Lord Dufferin has to solve, in his new sphere of public duty, is that concerning the semi-independent States of Hindostan. Their armies are much too large. They are a burden to the ratepayers who have to support them, and a menace to ourselves. They neutralise the value of a large number of our regiments, in case their services were required on the frontiers of the Punjab or of British Burmah to meet external danger. The volume before us is an interesting one, and might have been more so, if the author had not been compelled by journalistic exigencies to compress his matter. The "present excessive dimensions of these armies," he says, "has been attained through the apathy of the English Government, and the difficulty in dealing with them has been increased in proportion to their growth and efficiency." His book should be read by all who interest themselves in our Indian Empire.

There can be little room for surprise if a man, throwing himself into the heart of political life, does not find it quite so idyllic as his preconceptions might have led him to imagine it, and this accounts for the complaint that runs through Mr. Auberon Herbert's "A Politician in Trouble About His Soul" (Chapman and Hall). He finds that there are mean men and mean motives in both parties, and so issues a conversational Jeremiad. There are smart things in Mr. Herbert's book, and here is one:—"My impression is, were we to establish the Church at a blow we should lose a great many of our Dissenters. A large number of them want to be Conservatives, and will remain with us as long as the nosebag is kept just out of their reach. A Burials Bill, an amendment to the Education Act, a Tithes Bill, a Bishops' Liberation from the House of Lords Bill, a Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, are the kind of measures we ought to keep passing from time to time. These things whet the appetite without destroying it." "Standish" makes this cynical statement. With all its smartness we think "A Politician in Trouble About His Soul" is somewhat of a dull book.

A charming travel story is "Sketching Rambles in Holland" (Macmillan), by George H. Boughton, A.R.A., with illustrations by the author and Edwin A. Abbey. These two gentlemen had expected a literary man to accompany them on their tour, but he failed to turn up, and so Mr. Boughton had to do the literature himself, and very well he has done it too. The magazines have dealt with the Low Countries recently and not always brightly, but those who take up Mr. Boughton's and Mr. Abbey's work will be agreeably surprised if they anticipate dulness. It is full of quaint description and racy anecdote, and the illustrations merit only praise. They are not pretentious, but they do all that is required of them: they enable the reader to proceed cheerfully with the letterpress.

Mr. Richard Congreve has just issued through Messrs. Chapman and Hall a second edition of "International Policy: Essays on the Foreign Relations of England." One of the central ideas of this work is the moral, as well as political, utility of the French alliance. It is informed throughout with Auguste Comte. This may be all very well, and the writers of the essays are certainly able men; but if the proposed religion and policy of the future are to be judged from the literary style of its apostles, then they will be painfully deficient. It may be doubted whether the thought can be clear where the sentences are so very lumbering.

"On Tuscan Hills and Venetian Waters" (Fisher Unwin), by Linda Villari, is pleasantly and amusingly written. Naturally Italy is a favourite hunting ground for *littérateurs*, yet as to domestic life near the Alps and the Apennines the authoress has much to say that it is well for the Englishman, thinking of temporary expatriation, to bear in mind. For instance, she says, "Apropos to carpets, the Anglo-Saxon mind has to abandon all accustomed grooves of thought with regard to these useful elements of comfort. In England—until Oriental rugs and Indian matting came in fashion—we had a fixed idea that they should be cut to fit the rooms for which they were intended. In Italy, on the contrary, it is considered great waste to cut off corners and edges. These can be turned under, you know, ready for use in case you have bigger rooms the next time you move. And so, always with an eye to future changes, your upholsterer cannot see the necessity of fitting your carpets to your present floors. When you indignantly show him how all these hillocks and protuberances prevent your furniture from standing firmly against the walls, how every piece is

toppling forward, you are smilingly asked to have patience. Then, in a twinkling, little wedges and chips of any sort of wood your carpenter may have left about are inserted beneath the tottering legs, and you are triumphantly begged to observe that all is now as it should be. And gradually you come to think so too, at least as regards the laying of carpets." There are many illustrations in this work by Mrs. Arthur Lemon; but about these one can scarcely be enthusiastic.

"Martin Luther, Student, Monk, Reformer," by John Rae, LL.D., F.S.A. (Hodder and Stoughton). Mr. Rae does not profess to have made any fresh discoveries concerning the career of the great religious Reformer, but he has carefully consulted all the best authorities, and his narrative is set forth in a clear, straightforward, and thoroughly readable style, with as little obtrusion as possible of his own opinions and observations. He has wisely not attempted to recite the tale of such a remarkable and chequered career too briefly—a life of Luther closely condensed is apt to read dryly—whereas in 500 tolerably closely-printed pages there is a canvas sufficiently large to paint a really vivid picture of the man, his friends, his foes, and all the details of his life of vigorous action. We wish Mr. Rae could have managed to bring out his book a year earlier, at a time when the quatercentenary of the Reformer's birth had attracted numerous persons, otherwise ignorant or indifferent, to the sayings and doings of Martin Luther; but the volume is still opportune. As we observed above, the compiler has judiciously left the remarkable story to speak for itself, and we think that it will confirm those who read it without prejudice in what may be termed the old-fashioned Protestant opinion of Luther, namely, that, in spite of defects inherent in man, he was a great and shining light in the Church of Christ, a worthy successor of the Apostles, and one of the great benefactors of the human race. We venture to say this, because, at the present day, among those who base their theological beliefs rather on tradition than on the Bible, there is a tendency to disparage the mighty monk of Wittenberg both as a man and as a reformer.

Every attempt to ameliorate the lot of the working poor deserves attentive and respectful consideration, and we heartily sympathise with Captain M. P. Wolff, the author of "Food for the Million" (Sampson Low and Co.), in his ambition to be a public benefactor by establishing public kitchens. He aims at coming directly between the producer of the raw material of food and its consumers, and at doing away with middlemen. The Rev. H. R. Haweis, who writes the preface, thus puts this benevolent scheme: "Captain Wolff contemplates setting up in populous and needy districts (and he has mapped out the whole of London) separate kitchens—which can be started for about 5,000/- apiece, will feed about 2,000 daily, and yield 35 per cent on the outlay, 12 per cent of which only will go to the shareholders, the rest to be otherwise distributed for excellent reasons." There is, perhaps, one drawback to the probable success of the enterprise, and that is in the strong preference of most Englishmen to eat their own food under their own "vine and fig tree." This sentiment of exclusiveness as regards the rest of the world, this emphatic individuality, will probably be found to stand in the way of Captain Wolff, who certainly seems, however, to have conceived a philanthropic plan, likely, if realised, to be of unmixed good. We cordially wish him success both for his book and in his benevolent aspirations.

"Lloyd's" is a household word with those classes of our population who go down to the sea in ships, and is familiar enough to the outside world. Therefore the "Annals of Lloyd's Register" will be almost certain of a large success. In it, all, that is known, is told us of the remote beginning of marine insurance, and of the historical growth of the institution, which, beginning in Lloyd's Coffee House in Tower Street, E.C., in or about the year 1668, now has its offices in the Royal Exchange, and exercises a strong control over the merchant navy of England. The old *Lloyd's Lists* have suffered much, not from water, but from fire; yet many interesting pages of them are here given, rescued from oblivion and from the elements. Ship surveying, ship-building practices, the origin of that mysterious phrase A 1, are all made clear. As what it claims to be, "A Sketch of the Origin, Constitution, and Progress of Lloyd's Register," the work is well done, and will probably find its destined place in the private office of every ship-broker, ship-owner, and ship-builder in the United Kingdom and in the colonies.

The greatest moral blot on the Riviera di Ponente is indubitably "Monte Carlo," and the French Government are an unconsciously long time in getting rid of it. This, too, is the feeling of "A Visitor to the Riviera" who has put together "Monte Carlo and Public Opinion" (Rivingtons). He compiles from English and foreign newspapers much that has been said of the gambling hells, which provide the Prince of Monaco with more than pocket money, and the heirs of M. Blanc with an unrighteous income. What he says he says well, and we can only hope that M. Ferry may see his way to the destruction of one of the most pernicious factors in the European pleasure life.

Mr. J. R. MacDonnell has rendered a service to the officers of both the regular and auxiliary forces in translating from the German General V. Verdy du Vernois' "Tactical War Game" (W. Clowes and Sons). No convenient manual of the War Game exists in English; and as the "authorities" are now again encouraging the practice of the War Game, Mr. MacDonnell's little book should prove of much service. Being a literal translation from the German, it is not quite so useful as a similar work would be if written for the use of English officers studying tactics by some competent Englishman, for the translator has of necessity retained the German formations, some of them unknown in the English army. In each case, however, he explains, as far as may be, the English equivalent for the German formations. The book contains but one game, which is played without those rules, dice, and tables of losses so confusing to beginners; but the game given is so carefully worked out that it can easily be made the model for any number of others. A good plan makes the moves and counter-moves easily comprehensible.

The fifth number of the sumptuous *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine* well maintains the promise of the earlier numbers. It contains no less than sixteen important articles, almost all of them illustrated, in addition to the useful supplementary sheets showing the distribution for the month of the land and sea forces. Admiral Sir George Elliot discusses "England's Exposed Position," and the Editor writes on the very important question of magazine rifles for the Army, describing and illustrating several such weapons. Colonel Brackenbury continues his excellent articles on "Tactics." Biographies, with portraits and stories, relieve the heavier articles.

#### THE SCHOOLMASTER AT HOME

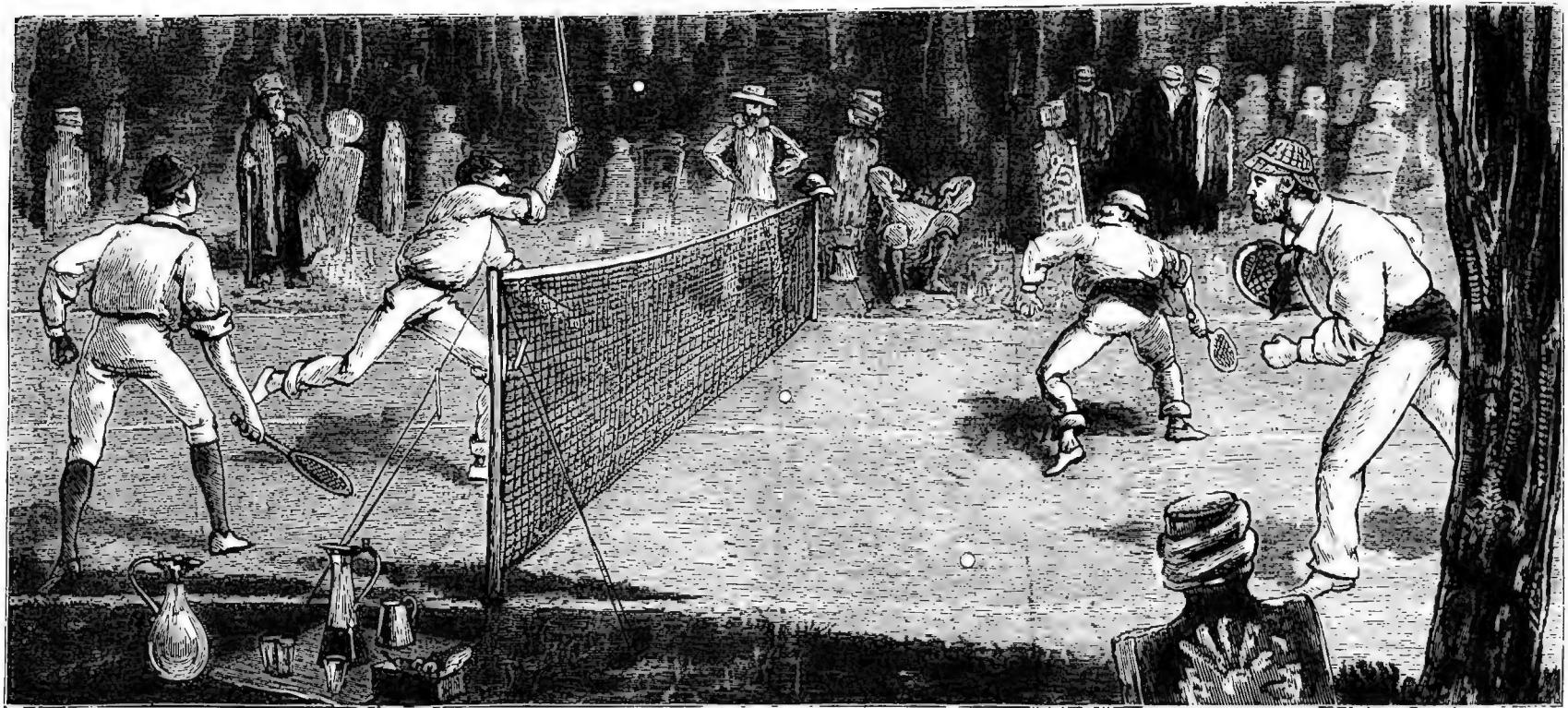
By an odd coincidence, Professor Max Müller's recent address describing the English boarding-school system as a national misfortune appeared in the very same newspapers which reported the prosecution of a woman who insisted on teaching her children at home instead of sending them to the National School in her district. Though she had a family of ten, this energetic mother in Israel contrived to teach all who were old enough to learn not only the three "R's," but grammar, geography, and drawing as well. True, she went further than Professor Max Müller, who praised the day-school system while lamenting that it had been so largely superseded among the higher classes by the irresponsible method of boarding-schools. But the tendency of his speech and her action was the same, namely, towards direct parental influence and supervision as a determining factor in education. There can be little doubt, too, that this tendency



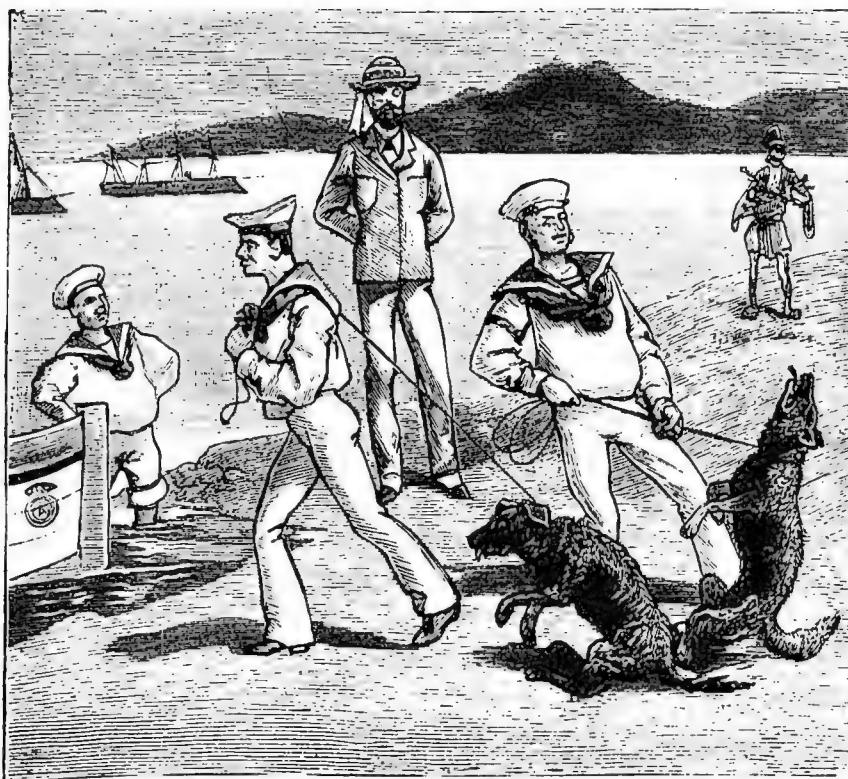
WE PURSUE THE NATIVE LADIES



WE GO SEINING AND MAKE A BONFIRE IN THE WOODS



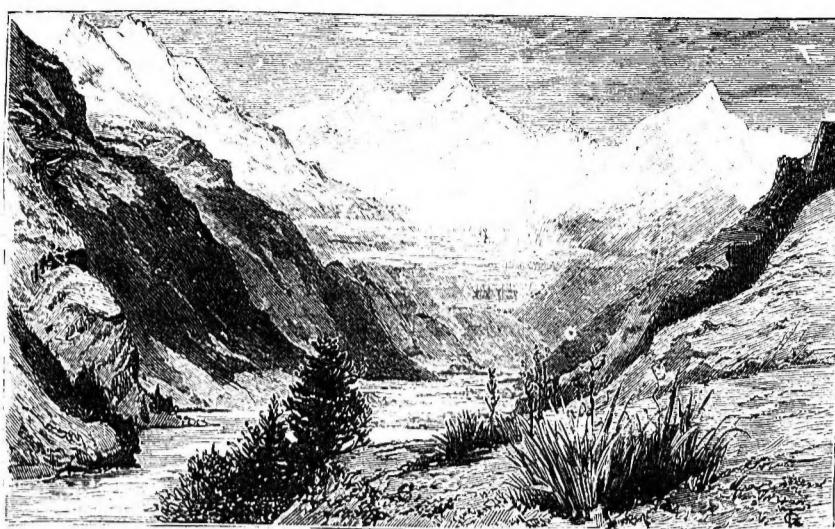
WE FIND A JOLLY PLACE IN THE CEMETERY FOR LAWN-TENNIS



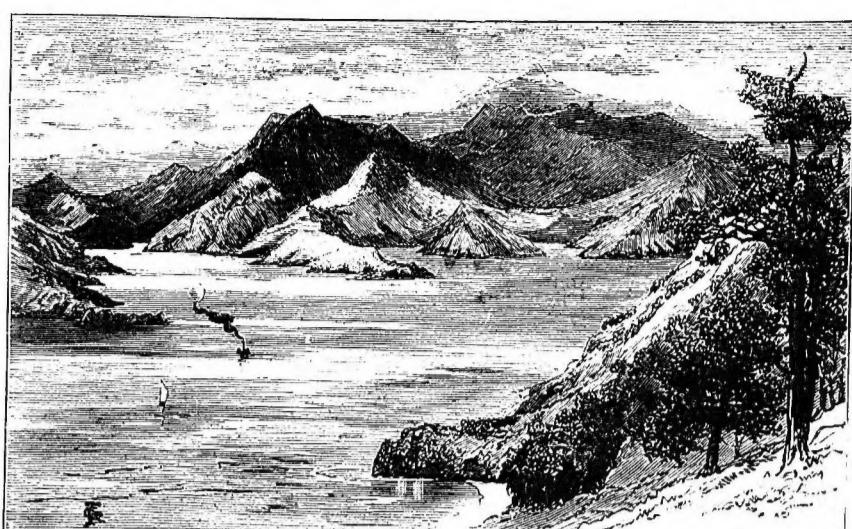
"BY JOVE, THOSE DOGS SEEM TO HAVE TAKEN QUITE A LIKING TO MY MEN."



FATIMA AT THE LATTICE (AFFECTING CHEERNESS) : "MY LORD, THE GIAOURS ARE GOING" (BUT THEY LEAVE PLEASANT MEMORIES BEHIND THEM; FOR IF FROLICS SOME THEY ARE GOOD-HEARTED.)



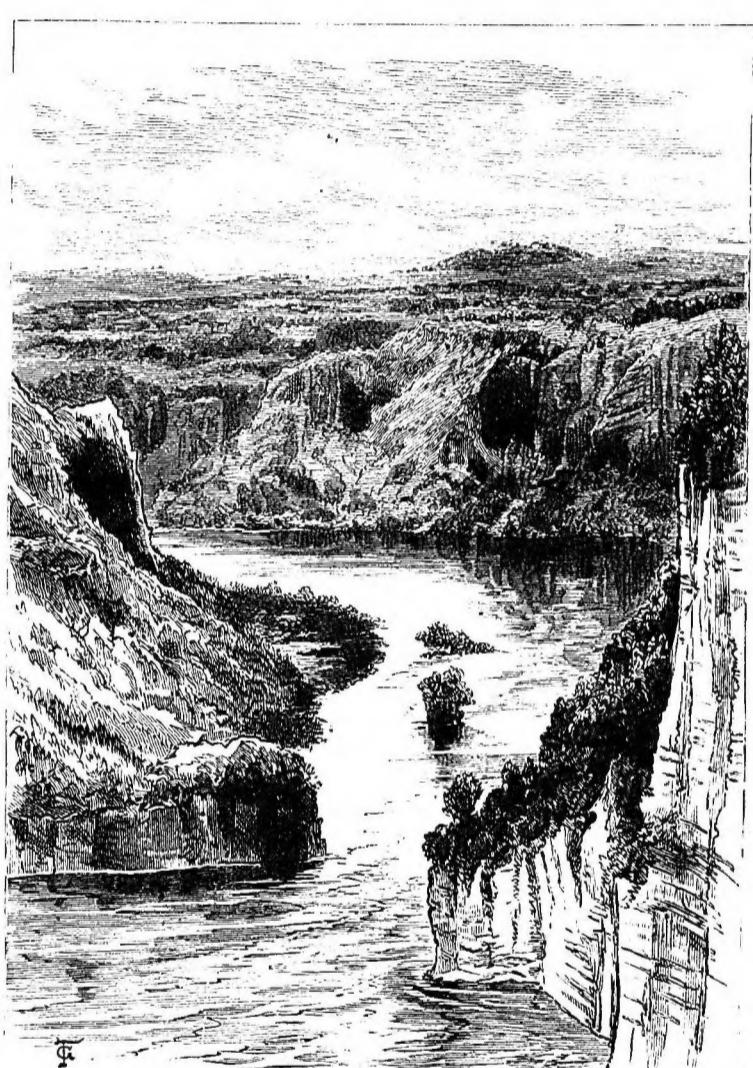
RIVER REES AND FORBES MOUNTAINS, LAKE WAKATIPU



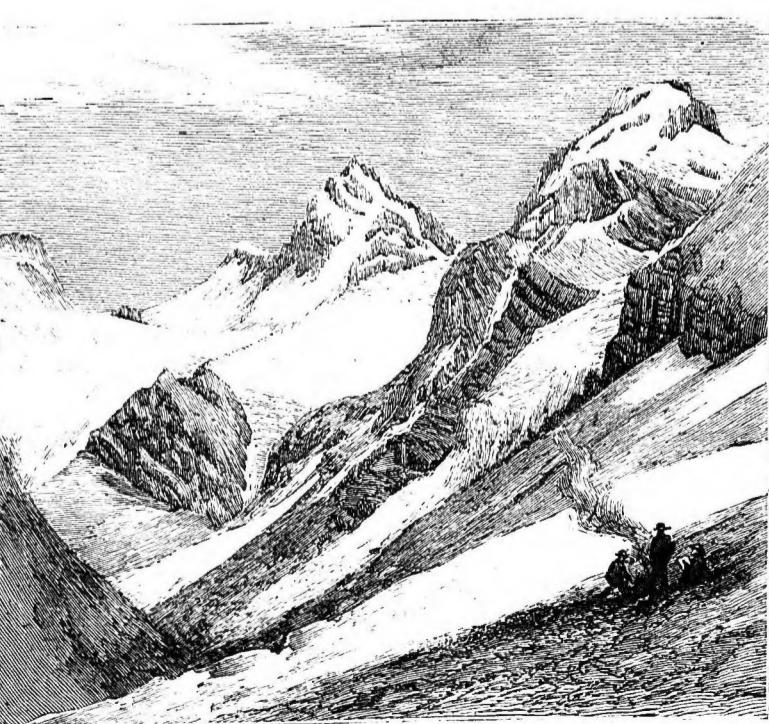
QUEEN CHARLOTTE SOUND, NEAR PICTON, SOUTH ISLAND



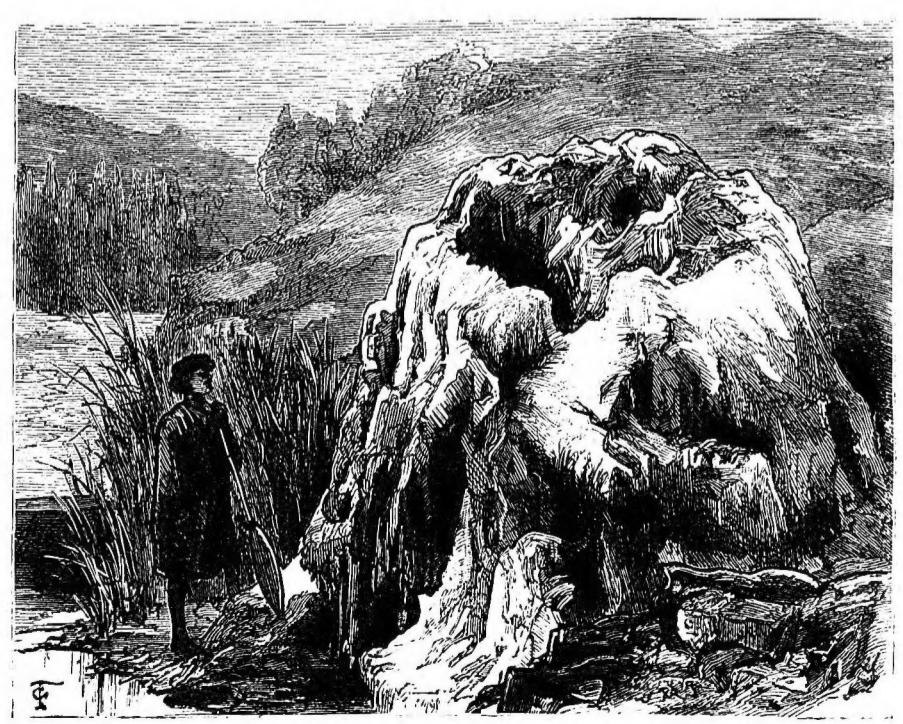
PICTON, SOUTH ISLAND



RIVER WAIKATO, HOT LAKE DISTRICT



WAIMAKARIRI GLACIER, CHRISTCHURCH AND HOKITIKA ROAD, SOUTH ISLAND



CROW'S NEST (GEYSER), LAKE TAUPō, HOT LAKE DISTRICT

is becoming general, and that the selection of a boarding-school, with the payment of the requisite fees, is no longer conceived to sum up the parent's duty in the matter of education. The change of feeling is gradual, but momentous, and its influence upon the national character cannot but show itself ere long—an influence, we may trust, in the main for good.

The boarding-school system, whatever its merits, must be admitted to be an anomaly in our national habits. We boast of the sanctity and beauty of English household life; we look upon it as one of the advantages of our Anglo-Saxon speech that it alone, of all civilised idioms, can express the idea "home"; yet the youth of our upper classes are commonly sent away from the family hearth soon after, if not before, the Lacedaemonian limit of seven, and from that time forward are scarcely more under the direct control of their parents than they would be in a Fourierite phalanstery. In no other country in the world, not even among the Latin peoples whom we are accustomed to think so undomestic, does this system obtain to anything like such an extent. The paradox is not so great as it might appear at first sight, for it is undoubtedly true that the sense of contrast between the amusements and indulgences of the holidays and the rough discomforts of school life, heightens in the average schoolboy the sentimental affection for "home." Absence makes the heart grow fonder; no one can sing *Dulce Domum* with a fuller heart than an English schoolboy going home for the holidays. But the fact remains that not only his absolute stock of knowledge, but his habits of mind and body, his ideals, his prejudices are for the most part formed by quite other influences than those of home. That these influences have greatly contributed, during the past two centuries, to placing England where she now stands is an assertion no one will dispute. Not only Quebec and Waterloo, but many a greater though less noisy victory has really been won in the playing-fields of Eton and Winchester. The evils of the system, both educational and moral, have been many, but certainly not overwhelming. The dull and somnolent ignorance in which Anthony Trollope emerged from long years of so-called education first at Winchester and then at Harrow was certainly an exception. The good and evil of the system have been pretty fairly set forth, in fictional form, by Mr. Tom Hughes in his famous "Tom Brown," and by Canon Farrar in his less known "Eric, or Little By Little." Private boarding-schools have probably fewer redeeming features to boast of than the great public schools, but even they cannot have been wholly bad. Still, balance the pros and cons as we may, few who have examined the subject will disagree with Professor Max Müller's main contention, though they may think his description of the boarding-school system as a national misfortune a serious overstatement of the case.

The ideal educator for the growing boy is doubtless a wise father, just as the ideal infant-school is the mother's knee. The difficulty, of course, is to catch your wise father, since true paternal wisdom must be a compound of many of the rarest qualities. A certain measure of mere book-knowledge is necessarily implied, but, since training rather than teaching is the father's function, he need not be by any means a walking cyclopædia. All that he really requires in this respect is sufficient knowledge to take a sympathetic interest in his son's studies under such tutors or masters as he may call in to his aid. Temper and tolerance rather than knowledge of sciences and tongues are the indispensable ingredients in the wisdom of a wise educator. He must remember that no two human beings, however close their relation, are constituted exactly alike, and that the son has as good a right to his own individuality as to his own food and clothing. It should be his endeavour, not to fashion a puppet in his own likeness, but to secure for his charge the unfettered and healthy development of all his natural gifts and tendencies. Such sympathetic tolerance is as rare as it is delightful to witness. Many a benevolent but blundering father has sought to compress his son into some ready-made mould, with the most unlooked-for and explosive results. The treatment of Mirabeau by the old Marquis "Friend-of-Man" is a case in point; the well-meaning, stiff-necked theorist was determined not only to bend the twig and incline the tree, but to settle the number and form of its branches, and make it an exact reproduction of the parent stem. Still more famous is the instance afforded by Frederic William of Prussia and the son who, though in reality an infinitely greater soldier than his sire, had well-nigh fallen a victim to his mechanical, drill-sergeant discipline. In both these cases the son, after painful and convulsive struggles, managed to burst the paternal swaddling-bands, and clear, for himself that space for development which it should have been his father's care and delight to provide for him; but we hear nothing of the innumerable instances in which similar unwise succeeds, after infinite pain on both sides, in warping and stunting the natural growth of the child. In the case of John Stuart Mill it is hard to tell whether the system pursued by that most indefatigable of schoolmasters at home, the historian of India, should be called a success or a failure. Its results were certainly imposing, because the younger Mill's abnormal intellect survived a course of treatment which would have been fatal to a boy of different fibre; but as the "might have beens" are for ever indeterminable we cannot tell whether a freer boyhood might not have prepared the way for a robuster manhood. Even more fatal than the fathers who are bent on stamping their own image and superintendence on their children are those who inflexibly decree that their sons shall make up for some deficiency in their own lives, shall enjoy some advantage of which they have been deprived, or carry out some ideal which they have failed to realise. Such parents, conscious of the benevolence of their designs, feeling that they are doing to their sons exactly as they wish that their fathers had done to them, are apt to show their disappointment bitterly and even cruelly when they find their sons irresponsible to their cherished desires. The truly wise father must be prepared to relinquish without a reproach, or even a sigh, ideals which he may have formed for his son, so soon as it shall appear clearly that they conflict with any fundamental part of the boy's nature. That our children are independent individuals, with a distinct organism, a distinct set of sensations and desires, is doubtless one of the difficult lessons of fatherhood; but until it is learnt the schoolmaster at home must necessarily be little better than a domestic tyrant, however benevolent. W. A.

#### CHRISTMAS BOOKS

##### V.

No Christmas would seem complete without Miss Kate Greenaway and Mr. Caldecott to contribute their share of the good cheer, and accordingly our old friends are again ready to delight us this season. In "The Language of Flowers" (Routledge) Miss Greenaway finds just the right subject for her brush, which is thoroughly at home amidst delicate sprays of blossom and dainty flower maidens. Certainly the illustrations sometimes stray rather wide of the mark, for the view of a young lady's back and the crown of her big hat does not exactly convey the idea of "mental beauty," though the fair damsel is deep in a book. Nevertheless, this is a charming little work, with its choice of floral lyrics from old poets.—And the artist's "Almanac for 1885" (Routledge) is as tasteful as its predecessors, the months being typified by the customary old-fashioned girls.—As usual, also, Mr. Caldecott is busy depicting rustic men and maids, whether in his "Come, Lasses and Lads," or "Ride a Cock Horse to Banbury Cross, and A Farmer Went Trotting Upon His Grey Mare" (Routledge), two more of those humorous picture-books which are much too good for the nursery alone.

Though the latter abounds with clever, merry figures—witness the unlucky farmer after his tumble from the grey mare—the former is decidedly the more entertaining, as Mr. Caldecott hits off to the life the smug *gaucherie* of the country bumpkin and the demure village beauties amid their May Day revels. But this winter the artist is by no means so funny as his wont.—The children of our own generation people "Golden Hours" (Routledge), where Mrs. Sale Barker sets pleasant verses to brightly-coloured pictures by M. E. Edwards.

Now that the majority of Christmas Cards—even some of the cheapest—can really be called works of art, they may be fitly classed with artistic books. This season there are few novelties, but the groups of trees, the skaters, and the figures of old watchmen, while there is the usual supply of screens and plush and fringed cards. More out of the ordinary are the books containing a series of sketches such as views of old houses in Chester, or Paddy going to Cork market, by E. Griset; the landscapes framed in blue plush and the crosses formed of cherubic heads floating in clouds—the collection is especially strong in tiny landscapes and floral groups, where E. Wilson is one of the best designers. Several tree studies are excellent, particularly F. G. Hine's "Woods in Winter," while G. Noel Paton contributes four clever sepia landscapes, and Miss Alice Havers numerous dainty female figures. Here, too, are W. J. Hodgson's comic episodes and sundry merry animal portraits, and the newest include fan designs and tasteful folding cards. Certainly the most striking cards are those by Messrs. Prang, brought from Boston by Mr. A. Ackermann. Indeed some of these are very remarkable for bold colouring and rather startling effects, so that the eye turns with relief to the soft monotone of the backs, which, as last year, are especially studied. But a large share of the designs are tasteful and well-executed, amongst the most original being the Longfellow card—a group of the poet and his children in the midst of his works—a kind of frieze of angelic little ones and a group of angels, where the delicate bordering is far preferable to the swarthy-visaged beings in the centre. Finished photographs of female beauty predominate in Messrs. Mansell's packet, together with portfolios of capital sea-scapes by the Cavalier de Martino, which are too good to be thrown aside, and deserve framing. More photographic cards are sent by Messrs. Adams and Scanlan, where either a pretty photo may be placed or the likeness of the sender, verses being arranged at the back. Lastly come the cards of the Religious Tract Society, which, though they do not attempt to vie with the above artistic specimens, have much improved of late, and offer a plentiful choice of floral designs, invariably flanked by good verse and inscriptions or by a text. The Society's large groups of roses and texts, "Paths of Peace" and "Blessings from the Psalms," will be the very thing to brighten the children's bedroom.

To return to the books, however. A special interest attaches to "The Land of Fire" (Warne) as the last touch of a hand which has worked hard for generation upon generation of boys—that of Captain Mayne Reid. No more need be said to ensure the book popularity, though indeed it may well stand upon its own merits as an amusing narrative of adventures in barbarous Tierra del Fuego. Yet another last legacy comes from the German author, Von Meyern, whose bright love story of ill-fated Mary of Burgundy and the Archduke Maximilian of Austria has been well translated by M. Hall as "A Perilous Venture" (Warne). Perhaps the latter volume will best please girls, but boys are the audience for Mr. G. Manville Fenn's tale of fishing and mining on the Cornish coast "Menhardoc" (Blackie). This time Mr. Fenn's characters encounter probable adventures at home, not perils at the Antipodes, but, as usual, he draws frank, natural boys, not mere heroes of romance. Undutiful marriages and happy reconciliations furnish the theme alike of Miss E. Marshall's pleasing novelette, "My Grandmother's Pictures," and "Old Umbrellas," by A. Giberne (Nisbet), the last suited for younger girls, while an interesting picture of street Arabs and their friends is drawn by C. H. Barstow in "Old Ransom" (Warne). Sketching the lives and labours of those less-known workers who helped and strove for the sick and poor, Miss Eleanor Price in "High Aims" (Nisbet), compiles a very attractive volume, which will teach unobtrusively many a good lesson.

#### RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

WE scarcely know what to say about "Marie de Pontoise, and Other Poems," by J. Puntis (W. Poole), because it might pass for an elaborate, if somewhat heavy burlesque, if it were not for the prefatory address to Lord Northbrook. One can only suppose that his lordship's good nature permitted him, in ignorance of its contents, to allow to him the dedication of such a farago of rubbish—a dedication in which the praise is, to quote Rosalind, "laid on with a trowel!" The main piece consists of a deeply dull story of a Catholic lady wedded to a Huguenot lord, who was fool enough to trust her with his plot against the powers—thereby, indirectly, causing her to jump out of the window. The author is doubtless a sincere Protestant, but seems to have queer notions as to the requirements and sanctity of the sacrament of Confession. Almost as queer in fact as his notions of the requirements of blank verse; here is an average specimen:

But we  
Will relate of the time when black,  
Utter darkness enveloped the  
Country, and persecutions were  
Chronical and diabolical  
Through the nation.

There are other passages equally musical, but this may suffice. It would seem that Mr. Puntis is a devoted follower of Mr. Lewis Carroll, since we find the following "Jabberwock" remark:

Engulfed in a whirlpool,  
*Gyres* for a few moments on the face of  
The innocent-looking, treacherous waters.

But perhaps the cream of the joke is to be found in the lyrical pieces. Here is an extract from "The Storm:"

Oppressively warm is the sultry breeze,  
The white-crested cloud has its colour lost,  
Upwards grand fiery mountains are tossed  
From clouds like golden molten seas.

Or still better, from a eulogium on "The Sabbath:"

The sparkling sunshine to our resting minds  
Comes bearing blessings, drawing down the blinds,  
And chasing out the damps of earthly toil,  
Which other days comes joyous peace to spoil.

We do not know why "damps" command a singular form, or how sunshine draws down blinds; the whole is mysterious.

There is some delicate feeling about "The Rueing of Gudrun, and Other Poems," by the Hon. Mrs. Greville-Nugent (David Bogue), but a stronger hand was needed to deal with Norse and British subjects. The effect of the whole is unreal; and how does the author pronounce the name of Agamemnon's daughter?

Collections of sonnets, unless they are surpassingly good, are always extremely wearisome, and all amateurs affect the style which may be moderately attained by attention to accepted rules. Still, there are redeeming features in "Dreamland; a Book of Sonnets," by Vivien Leigh (David Bogue). No. V., on Friendship, is distinctly good, and so is No. XXIV.: but why cannot ordinary people, if they are poets, choose some less artificial measure?

We honestly must own that we do not like Mr. Joseph Skipsey's edition of Coleridge's poems (Walter Scott). We yield to no one in our appreciation of the poet, but it is going rather far when his editor claims for him the merit of being the greatest poet, except Shelley, since Milton, because one has heard of such insignificant writers as Dryden, Pope, Scott, and Byron. When he classes the wretched charlatan Chatterton with Blake, criticism must of course stop. But if Mr. Skipsey, who seems himself to have written verses, was such an adulator of Coleridge, why did he not write the grandest verses in the "Ancient Mariner?"

Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. have produced the third volume of their new edition of "The Poetical Works of Alexander Vere," viz., "Alexander the Great," &c., which many will remember in former editions.

We have also to acknowledge the third instalment of Mrs. Horace Dobell's poem (in eighteen volumes), "In the Watches of the Night" (Remington).

Judging from a somewhat grandiloquent preface, the editor of "Dunbar, the King's Advocate," by "Thistledown" (Edinburgh: Wadde and Co.), is chiefly possessed with two ideas: first, that Scotland needs a dramatic literature of her own; and secondly, that popular theatrical taste wants reforming. Granting his premises, we fear the present tragedy is not likely to do much good in either direction. Apart from the badness of the blank verse, the play has the serious fault of being dull; the hero is a tiresome person, addicted to preaching highly unorthodox sermons in and out of season, varying his discourses with dissertations on his disbelief in witchcraft. It was not to be supposed that a relative like Cardinal Beaton, whose figure, by-the-by, approaches nearer to life than the others, would let such a person alone, and though he escapes fire and faggot, it is quite a relief when the wicked bulk rids us of him. It would, of course, be unfair to credit the author with the dramatic utterances of his characters, but we fail to see the use of reproducing the wild theories of such a fanatic as Dunbar, and, in spite of what "Thistledown" advances in his preface as touching "coarseness," the piece contains passages which can scarcely be commended to a modern audience.

There is some merit about "The Death of Otho, and Other Poems," by Isaac B. Ginner (Kegan Paul). The play, which is by far the best in the volume, is carefully written—the short lyrics are specially to be commended—and Mr. B. Ginner ("beginner?") has obviously a natural musical gift, and has studied good models, but he gets a little mixed at times, as when he speaks of "battlements" as being "armed to the teeth," and describes the heroine's *father* as a "poor ewe!" Otho himself is murdered in the first scene by the ravisher of his daughter Emmeline, and the real hero of the piece is the wicked and remorseful Count Strudenheim, who is ultimately carried off by the devil. Though not without some exaggeration, there is power in many of his speeches, and the scenes between him and Wilhelmina would be effective if well acted—the man is a sort of vulgar Macbeth, with a touch of Manfred. The minor poems have little to recommend them, and distinct objection must be taken to such a passage as that at page 141, ending Stanza XVII.; to say the least, it is in bad taste.



ALFRED HAYES.—Two songs, music by Alfred J. Caldecott, are respectively, "Love, Art Thou True?" the very sentimental words by Beatrice Goldingham, and "The Road to Paradise," words by E. Williams; both songs are published in three keys; the latter is more original than the former.—A very charming song for a mezzo-soprano is "Love Red Rose," written and composed by Horace Lennard and S. A. Sabel.—A song of more than ordinary merit is "The Midnight Vision," the words by Charles J. Rowe, music by Ethel Harraden.—A very pathetic face of a nun, with the Cross as a background, attracts attention to "At Eventide" (a prayer for those at sea), the poetical words of which are by H. B. Farnie, music by R. Planquette; the sentiment is destroyed by a sudden rush into waltz-time.—A lively contrast to the above is "Donald and I," written and composed by Harold Wynn and Ralph Merrion.—"The Merry Gipsy Polka," by Felix Keston, is well deserving of its name.

MESSRS. BOOSEY AND CO.—A publication which will surely meet with a hearty reception in every home where music is loved is "The Diamond Music Books." It has now arrived at its twenty-first number, each number being neatly got up in a blue cover. The first three are instruction books, vocal and instrumental, and the remaining seventeen contain glees, trios, songs of all nations, grave and gay, pieces sacred and secular, dance music, &c.—Another cheap series published by this firm is "The Cavendish Music Books," which has had a long and merry life. The numbers are "Songs for Young Girls" (No. 77), "Songs of the Day" (No. 78), and "Short American Pieces" (No. 79).—Four very sentimental songs of medium compass are:—"For Me" written and composed by S. Frances Harrison and Oliver King; "Longing For Her," words by F. E. Weatherly, music by S. Anteri Manzocchi; "Go and Forget," words by P. Lescribleur, music by Stephen Adams; and "If This Could Only Be," written and composed by Hugo Conway and A. H. Behrend.

MESSRS. W. J. WILLCOCKS AND CO.—Very poetical are the words, by Clifton Bingham, of "In the Time of Roses," set to pretty music by Edwin Greene.—"A Spring Love Song," words by Florence Percy, has been set to music with his usual skill by Sir Julius Benedict; singers who play their own accompaniments will do well to study this with care. This song is published in D flat and in C. No. 5 of *The Organ Journal*, edited by Dr. W. J. Westbrook, contains an "Adagio Maestoso," by M. Clementi; a "Choral Fugue on Ph. Emmanuel Bach's 'Alles Das Odem Hat';" and Handel's "Tune the Soft Melodious Lute," a highly interesting group.—Pianoforte students who like good hard work will find in "Thema mit Variationen," by Anton V. Dvorak,—"Tonbilder aus dem Granwalde" (No. 6), by Alois Hermes, is a smoothly written and very elegant pianoforte piece.—A brace of pieces, by Louis Gregh, are respectively a transcription of the *Serenade* "Parais à la Fenêtre," and "Danse Slave," *pour piano*; both will prove welcome additions to the pianiste's repertoire.—The same may be said of "Wedding Dance of the Elves," and Strauss's "Egyptian March," by Edward Solomon.—Two very pleasing waltzes are "Tranquillité Valse," by H. R. Calcott, and "Liebäuglein" (Loved Eyes) valse, by Oscar Wachtel.—"1884 Quadrilles," by E. Boggotti, will please all lovers of dancing; they contain many of the popular tunes of the day, well strung together.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A very pretty "Cantata for Ladies' Voices," entitled "Queen of the May," by Alfred J. Caldecott, may be recommended to the heads of colleges and schools (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).

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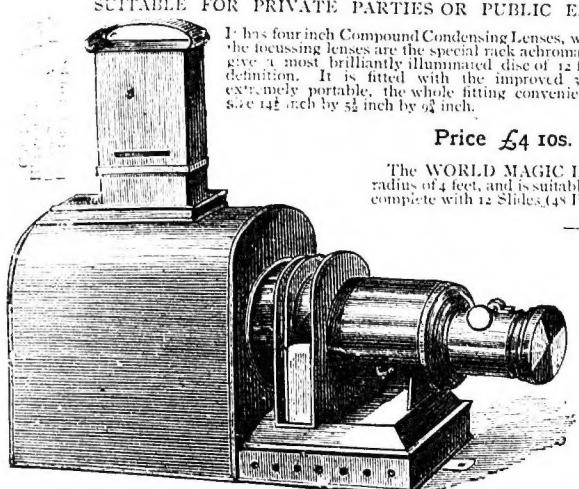
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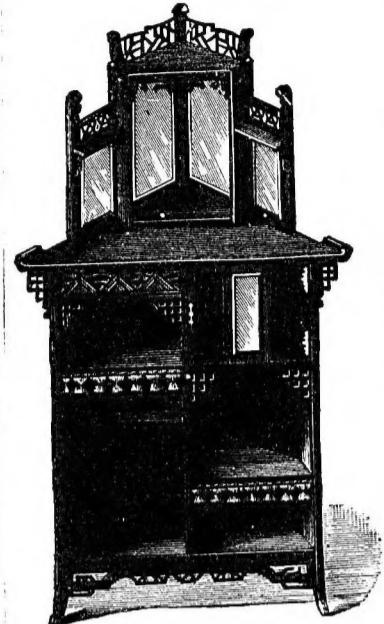
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